

Ne. 319 Walnut St., Philad's.

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# A REMINISCENCE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY PHILA H. CASE.

I remember it all, how the spicy breeze
Blew up from the forests of date and palm,
And the bird that sang in the lotus trees
Had foldedits scarlet wings. What a calm
Hung over the sea, and the dusky waves
Beat low on the pearly, milk-white shore,
As we have far down in occan cares. we fancy far down in ocean caves, Bright footsteps beat on the emerald floor.

ember how softly the silvery chime Of the vesper bell came to us there,
And all the sweets of that passionate clime
Were throbbing upon the sleepy air.
There came the odor of orange flowers, And the coffee bloss And the perfume wafted from tamarind

Pulsed over the brow of that languid

A cloud as light as a snowy dove
Sailed into the sunset's brilliancy.
And we listened rapt to the song of love.
The bulbul sang on a banyan tree:
And he said, "Dear love, at last my own,
There is not another on earth so fair,"
And he took the pomgranate flowers that

Like drops of flame in my jetty hair.

Then he called me his darling, his wayward

child,
And kissed my fingers one by one,
And I worshipped him then with a passion

As the Persian worships the glorious sun. And I cannot tell how the anger came That raged like a demon in my breast— But I think of it now with a flush of shame, How I filled my life with this mad unrest.

Then bitter words from my passionate lips, Fell fast in a shower of withering scorn, That followed him as a pirate ship Might follow the rosy light of morn: Then I turned and fled, and we never met

Since I left him there 'neath the cocon's

But the ghost of a pitiful sad regret
Has followed, where e'er my feet have

Oh! beautiful yet as a poet's dream,
Is that tropical isle far over the sea,
Where I sat with my love and watched the

Of a scarlet wing in the lotus tree; Or a scariet wing in the lotus tree;
But I see no longer the groves of palm,
Or the cloud as light as a snowy dove.
And feel no more the air of balm,
Or list to the bulbul's song of love.
And I am alone. Ah! I shattered my heart
When I left him—and sadder than all is

That my own hand tore love's chain apart,
And dashed from my lips the cup of bliss.

# CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the anthor of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE DOCTOR'S DIFFICULTY.

Although poor Mr. Crawford had been found in his hammook cold as a stone in a sling, Mr. Carstairs had at once been sent for; and notwithstanding that he knew his professional services were not needed, the good-natured little man had hurried to Greycrags, for the sake of her whom the dead man had left alone in the world. Of course, his first visit was paid to the chamber of death. The servants, weeping from the sudden strangeness of the event rather than from sorrow, unless, perhaps, some of them were touched for their young mistress's sake, were directed to retire—except Cubra, who had been so long the old man's confidential attendant—and the doctor stood by the dead man's side alone. There lay the fellow creature who had been his host but lately, and ture who had been his host out lately, and his patient for some trilling ailment only two days before. He had been an old man, it was true; but he had had no immediate warning of this fate; the gaunt form was wan and thin enough, but so it had always been since Mr. Carstairs had known him. nothing to account for so sudden a failure of the vital powers.

"Poor old man!" That was the only piece of sentiment in which the little doctor, accustomed to see death claim the aged, permitted himself to indulge. He was mus-ing upon what he should say to the unhappy girl that was awaiting him below; what scheme he should propose to her for her future life, for he felt that he was the only counsellor she had, when something about the lips of the corpse attracted his atten-

Draw the curtain still more back. Cusaid he, hastily. "Give me all the

light you can. He bent over the dead man's face-al-

ready like the work of a sculptor's chisel— and then drew back, with something like horror depicted on his own.

Any one who had been looking in at that bedroom window would also have shrunk aghast from another face—that of Cubra-herself, who was staring forth upon the lawn without, with cheeks of leaden hue, and eyes rolling in their sockets.

and eyes rolling in their sockets.
"Do you hear me, Cubra? more light,"
reiterated the doctor.

"Yes, Massa Carstairs;" she obeyed his mandate, yet did not turn her gaze towards him; but her ears were strained to catch

him; but her ears were strained to catch
his every word and movement.

"How strange!" he murmured. Then,
passing to the mantel-piece, whereon stood
a couple of bottles, he took out their corks
and smelt at their contents. They were
both from his own dispensary.

"Cubra," said he, carelessly, "did your
poor master take any other medicines than
those I used to send him?"

"Never Massar Unratairs, never Poor

"Never, Massa Carstairs, never. Poor massa never liked medicine."

"Now, look at me, Cubra; you knew your master's ways better than anybody. Are you quite sure that he did not keep by him, in his desk, or in a drawer, anything to stop pain—he suffered from toothache, you know, for instance—now, try and recollect; was there no box or bottle from which he used to take compatible to relieve the?"

tage no box or botter from which he need to take something to relieve it?"

Cubra shook her head. "No; she was certain sure such was not the case. Massa did not mind pain, like other folks."

Mr. Carstairs knew that this was true; for

the old man, although it was his whim to be considered more of an invalid than he really was, had been a very stoic with respect to

physical pain.

Mr. Robert Augustus Carstairs, F.R.C.S., had his weak professional side—a tendency not uncommon among the faculty to assign not uncommon among the faculty to assign all allments to one particular disease, and to exaggerate the effects thereof—but he was both a sagacious and a scientific man. Af-fecting to be convinced by Cubra's replies, he determined to ask h question or two else-where respecting the matter which had so much moved him. It was impossible to get any information out of this black domestic. She was faithful, no doubt, and it was to be hoped to a greater degree than any white woman, for she was certainly far stupider. If the late Mr. Crawford had really kept se-creted about him any such thing as he (the If the late Mr. Crawford had really kept se-creted about him any such thing as he (the doctor) suspected, it was in the highest de-gree unlikely that Cubra should have been made his confidente. Mr. Carstairs descended to the drawing-room, where he found poor Agues alone. She was very sad and pale; but her tears were not falling now. She had Agnes alone. She was very sad and pale; but her tears were not falling now. She had been praying to One who wipes tears away from all eyes, and had found present com-fort. Good people, as a rule (with the ex-ception of utterly heartless folks,) weep least when Heaven takes away those nearest to them. She could not trust horself to speak much; but she had ears to hear all that was necessary to be said. The little doctor took her hand in his with

fatherly tenderness, and addressed to her a few unconventional words of sympathy, "Can I see your cousin, dear Miss Agnes?" inquired he; "for it must rest with him, of

inquired he; "for it must rest was all, course, to arrange—"
"No," replied she, shaking her head.
"Richard is quite unable for such a task.
I never saw him so utterly unnerved as when—" Here she broke down a little; then resumed, "No, my dear Mr. Carstairs, I must trust wholly to your kindness in this

'I am sorry," mused the doctor; "not," alded he, hastily, "that I grudge either time or trouble in such a service, my dear young lady, but because I had certain questions to ask of him—mere matters of form it is true—but which must be more or less distressing to a daughter, respecting your poor father's death

She bowed her head, in sign of her willingness to hear him.

Did Mr. Crawford suffer, to your know ledge, from any chronic, or other pain, such as might have induced him to take opiates or even stronger palliatives?"
"Certainly not. I should say that my

poor dear father-considering his great ago was signally free from such maladies never had even so much as an attack of rheumatism.' "He suffered, however, much at times,

did he not, from depression of spirits Was that depression hypochondriacal

resulting from some sufficient cause; I do not of course seek to pry into the nature of it, but was there a cause?" There was." "Was that cause likely to have increased

with years, or to have diminished?"
"To have diminished."
At this Mr. Carstans looked sharply up

into the grave young face; but nothing save truth was to be read therein. "There was no immediate apprehension, then, hanging over your father, such as, combined with this depression, or indepen-dent of it, might have affected his reason?"

Oh, sir, he spoke to me last night-as

wisely, kindly..." here she hesitated; "we had a long talk together, and little did I imagine that it was to be the last between us."

imagine that it was to be the last between us."

"Forgive me the pain I see I am inflicting, dear Miss Agnes, but, during that conversation did he mention nothing of importance which was also novel, and such as dwelling upon a mind already enfeched, might go far even to overthrow it."

"We spoke of an impertant matter, but it was one on which we had talked before. There were no accretis—nume—between ny-

There were no secrets-none-between my

"Did you agree on that in which you talked, or was there a difference of opinion?"

"Wo agreed."
"Nothing then has taken place, to your knowledge, since I saw your father last, to give him any sudden mental shock?"
"No."

"No."
"Nothing to disturb or distress him?"
"Richard had an interview with him yesterday morning; I suppose about my ceusin's going to sea. They were not on such good terms with one another as I could have wished—as I wish now more than ever. But my father was never put out by any disa-greement with Richard, and he did not even mention that there had been such when I talked with him in the evening."
"And is Mr. Richard absolutely too ill to

"Yes, Mr. Carstairs. I am very anxious about my cousin. At times—and particularly of late—I have simost thought that he has not entirely received when upon the coast of Africa. I am not alarmed, except for himself, you will understand," added she, hastily, perceiving the doctor's grave looks, "but I do think his position precarious."

"What you have told me, my dear Miss Agnes, is only one more reason added to those which have already occurred to me, why you should not remain at Greyerags."

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs; could I leave him?" cried she, with a piteous glance in the direction of her father's room.

"You can be of no use to him more, dear

tion of her father's room.

"You can be of no use to him more, dear girl. You will, of course, attend the funeral if you feel it well to do so; but in the meantime, you should not be here. I have already secured you rooms at widow Marcon's, at the Brae Cottage, if you will consent to remove thither. She is a good motherly person, and has herself experienced a recent sorrow that will make her sympathize with yours. With your cousin in such a state as you describe—independently of other yory valid reasons—it is only right, nay, necesrecent sorrow that will make her sympathize with yours. With your cousin in such a state as you describe—independently of other very valid reasons—it is only right, nay, necessary, that you should move thither at once. You will have nothing to reproach yourself with, I hope, in leaving all matters here in my hands. Cubra will of course accompany you. Come, will you give me your promise.

ny nands. Cubra will course accompany you. Come, will you give me your promise, like a good girl?"

"I will do what you will, Mr. Carstairs, upon one condition. Tell me what has killed my poor dear father."

"Killed him, my child!—for I must be your father now—how yer can you use such your father now-how ever can you use such words? He died of that commonest disease of all, old age. But, since it was so very sudden, it was my duty to ask those ques-tions. Richard, if he had been himself, would have understood the necessity of them at once, although they seem so strange to

For serious, systematic, kindly lying, there is nobody that approaches your honest medical man. He will assure the husband (with the best intentions, and for his physical good, mind you), lying upon the bed, which his science tells him he will never leave with life, of returning strength; he will bid the wife, worn out with watching by his side, and to whom one refreshing sleep is priceand to whom one refreshing sleep is price-less, to be of good cheer, for that there is healthiest hope. And, used to these pious frauds, Mr. Carstairs et fall his words as though he were dropping drops from the phial of the very quintessence of truth, and Agnes Crawford believed them.

When we poor monals have struggled on death can scarcely be said to come upon If its approach be sudden, so us unawares. much the better—that is, if we are only pre-pared for it in a spiritual sense; with the young and the unprepared, alas! it is very different."

Cunning Mr. Carstars walked to the window as though he did not wish his counte-nance to be perused. His object was to innance to be perused. The object was to in-terest his hearer in something else—no mat-ter of it was itself distressing—than that with which her mind was oppressed; to lift, if but for a few minuses, the dull weight of that desolation which sits upon the mourner's soul and crushes the life-springs. His at-tempt succeeded. Agnes, always solicitous for others, isquired of whom he spoke. "Of John Carlyon."

"What of him?" cried Agnes, starting to her feet. "He is not ill, I trust; not dying -oh, no, surely, sir, he is not dying?

The doctor had overshot his mark. With clasped hands, and suddenly tearful eyes, the young girl stood be fore him, the very picture of despair. In closing one channel of grief he had opened the flood-gates of a deeper

"Mr. Carlyon is not in any immediate danger, that I know of, my dear young lady. But his is not a good life. I mean, he has a disease—heart complaint—which may carry him off at any moment, and with which it is not to be expected that he can live long."
"How long have you known this, Mr. Carntairs?"

"How long have you known this, Mr. Caratairs?"

"Not long. Only since that day when he saved your life upon the sanda."

"Oh, would to heaven that I had known it, too," cried Agnes, passionately. "I might have tried more earnestly to move him than I did. He is not fit to die, dector."

"Few of us are, my dear young lady. Yet he has a noble soul, and a kind heart."

"He has, I know it. That such a one should be lost is only the more terrible."—Here she passed a moment. "Does Mrs. Newman—does his sister know of his sad state? I mean, as to health."

"Yes; I thought it my duty to acquaint her with it, in order that some reconciliation might be effected. But she would not move in the matter. She said that she had washed her hands of him. She is a hard woman. Carlyon once remarked that she had made a religion for herself out of the worst parts of Christianity, and certainly she is one of those who makes its profession repulsive. He has gone to London, and will not return to Woodlees any more. They will never meet again in this world, those two—be calm, my dear young lady; be like yourself, and bear with patience what God Himself permits to be. I cannot, I dare not, leave you in this state. You will come to the Brac, like a good girl. I have a close carriage at the door."

He spoke to her as though she were a child, and, like a child, she listened, and obeyed.

He spoke to her as though she were a child, and, like a child, she listened, and obeyed

him.

"I suppose you are right, doctor," returned she, feebly; "as I am sure you are kind. Yes, I will go with you. But first let me take leave of him for the last time."

me take leave of him for the last time."

"No, my dear young lady," replied the doctor, firmly; "that must not be. It may seem cruel, but I am only doing what he would wish could those cold lips speak. Think of him as you saw him last."

"I understand, sir. Alas, alas!"

"A good girl, a wise and dutiful girl. I will ring for Cubra, and she will get ready such things as you may require. Mrs. Marcon quite expects you both."

"You will see Richard, sir, before you go."

"True, I had forgotten him; I will look to him at once."

"Tell him, please, with my kindest love, Mr. Carstairs—his cousin's love—that I do not feel equal to wishing him good-bye today. In a day or two—after the—"

"Yes, yes, I will manage all that," returned the doctor. "Of course you cannot see him. Here is Cubra—that's well."

The black woman put a key into his hand,

The black woman put a key into his hand, and whispered a few words, unobserved by her young mistress, who lay back on the sofs with closed eyes, conscious of nothing save her beroavement.

"I will ring for them when they are to come up." resumed he, in the same low voice.

"He is gone out, sic."
"Gone out? Where has he gone "God A'mighty knows. Gone for a long walk, he said; his head was bad. He take poor massa's death to heart so much." Mr. Carstairs nodded, and left the room

"That's strange," muttered be. "He was in the house when I came, for I saw him at his bed-room window. I wonder why he doesn't wish to see me." Once more, the doctor sought the chamber of death; once doctor sought the chamber of death; once more bent over the dead man—and, as he did so, his countenance grew graver than ever. "This is horrible," murmured he. "It would kill her to think that he killed himself, and would benefit nobody. But if there has been foul play—yet that is impossible." He rang the bell, and summoned the man-servant, while he set his seal upon the desk, wherein he knew hay the dead man's will. For Mr. Crawford had beer more communicative to the doctor of late than to any other person. Then the chamber was again given up to those who minister the last rites

other person. Then the chamber was again given up to those who minister the last rites to poor humanity.

Mr. Carstairs saw the carriage depart containing the unhappy agnes and her attendant; then followed close behind it on his

murmured he "It will be time enough to make a stir when the will is read, and if any body but herself is found to derive benefit from the old man's death. I wonder why

in his uncle's care, and was found more than sufficient for his own very simple needs. He had had an interview with Mr. Carstairs after his uncle's funeral, in which he had behaved with unexpected calmacas and good behaved with unexpected columness and good sense. He was very solicitous about his own state of health, and seemed to be well sware that there was danger with respect to his mind. He owned that he still felt the effects of the sunstroke received two years ago, although only on occasions of excitement. He spoke of his unclo with respect, but without any hypooritical regret. He felt sorry, he said, now that Mr. Crawford was dead, that they had not been better friends; but confessed that they never had got on agreeably together. Any linguring suspicion which the doctor may have entertained of "foul play" in the matter of the old man's death was entirely done away with, and whatever views he still entertained with respect to the untimeliness of his decease, he attached no blame to Richard. He was much ashamed of himself at having ever harbored so groundless a prejudice, and felt a kindly interest in one he had so gravely wronged in thought. He cordially approved of the young man's proposition to mix with the world for a little before going to sea again, and Richard

so groundless a prejandee, and felt a kindly interest in one he had so gravely wronged in thought. He cordially approved of the young man's proposition to mix with the world for a little before going to sea again, and Richard accordingly set out for London.

Agnes was greatly pleased at the unexpected good sense exhibited by her cousin. When he came to bid her good-bye, he showed no trace of that wilfulness and passion he had been used to exhibit, and which had caused her to regard him of late (although she did not own it to herself) with less of affection than alarm. Perhaps, out of regard for her recent bereavement, perhaps, because he felt that he had really no chance of winning her heart, he made no direct allusion to his love for her, and even the hint he dropped was so slight that it did not strike her with any force until long afterwards. He said that he felt it was better for him to leave Meller for the present, but for him to leave Mellor for the present, but that he should see her again—she might de-pend on that—before he undertook another pend on that—before he undertook another voyage. When she spoke of writing to him in the meantime, he answered, "No. Agnes; I had rather there was silence between us for the present. I shall hear about you, and of everything you do—that is, Mr. Carstairs has promised to let me know." He was manifestly making a gallant effort to shake off his hopeless passion, and at parting she was more deeply moved, or seemed to be so, than he. She mentally blessed the kindly little doctor for his good offices which, while releasing her from a most embarrassing atreleasing her from a most embarrassing at-tachment, had left her an affectionate well-wisher and friend in her only cousin. So Richard Crawford, like John Carlyon, was swallowed up in the great world of Lon-

don, where men do, even more than else-where, what is right in their own eyes; and Agnes was left in her little world at Mellor— shrunk to small dimensions indeed by their ecession—at Widow Marcon's cottage,

A very pretty little dwelling it was, on the very margin of the bay, down to which the come up," resumed he, in the same low voice.
Get together what your mistress will require
for the next few days. You must go with
her to Widow Marcon's at once. The sooner
she gets from this house the better. Where
is Mr. Richard!"

"He is gone out, sic."

"He is gone out, sic." eye. Such a bijou of a villa residence could not fail to attract some elderly spinster or widow like herself, or even two sisters (if they did not mind occupying the same sleeping apartment, for there was but one "best bed-room")—it was such a lovely spot, and so adapted for persons of elegant tastes and limited incomes. There was a dining-room, in which one could not quite give what is called a dinner party, but three could sit down in it very comfortably, and even more, if the fourth didn't mind getting up from her seat to let the servant pass round the table. This room opened upon a lawn, soft as a carpet (and not at all larger than are the common run of carpets)—the only naturally level piece of ground in the whole fairy demeane. The dining-room opened upon "the hall," upon the white stone floor of which, you might have eaten your dinner, so far as you might have eaten your dinner, so far as cleanliness was concerned, and provided you did not have more than one dish up at a time, for there would not have been room for more; and, on the other side of the hall a good long step (for a short person)—lay the drawing-room, quite a stately apartment by comparison with the rest, and capable of accommodating six persons—four in the body of the room, and two in the bow window

"At all risks, I will spare her if I can," which was built in a bower of honeysuckle murmured he. "It will be time enough to and roses, and looked, from the outside, like a bird's nest. The rent of "The Brae"-which, considered as a model for a habitawhich, considered as a model for a habitation, was really perfect, however absurd as a real dwelling house for grown-up peopleware with the many superscripts as a model for a habitation, was really perfect, however absurd as a real dwelling house for grown-up peoplewas small even in proportion to its dimensions; but then Miss Crawford was such an eligible tenant for "not giving trouble," and for "putting up" with the widow's short-comings and ignorance confessed of how "the quality" required to be served; and also, in all probability, "you see," said the widow, in confidence to her gossips, "ahe would be for a permanency."

Thus, though the income hitherto paid to Thus, though the income hitherto pass to her father, notwithstanding his change of name, by the good-will of the Government, had, of course, ceased, what with her very moderate out-goings in respect to lodging, and her inexpansive habits of living. Agues, so far from being poor, was able to make more considerable investments even than before leading to the high theme, it may but more considerable investments even than be-fore in that stock which, though it pays but little more to its debenture holders at present than the London Chatham and Dover Rail-way, is spoken of by the clergy and others as likely one day to return an immense per-centage. If giving to the poor is lending to the Lord, as there is good reason to believe, Agnes Crawford was laying up for herself much treasure in heaven. And yet ahe was not harvy. That the prosperity of the That the prosperity of the not happy. That the prosperity of the wicked (unless prosperity means happiness) should offend us almost beyond reconcile wicked (unless prosperity means happiness)
should offend us almost beyond reconcilement, appears unreasonable, compared with
the distrust inspired by the unhappiness of
the godly. That (as it seems to me) is a
matter that much more requires an obedient,
unquestioning faith. It is certain that Agnes
Crawford was not have. Unlike the Agnes Crawford was not happy. Unlike that pious gentleman who deemed it a cause of thank-fulness (to himself and the elect) that there were "babes a span long in hell," she celly wished that no little one should perish, but, if it were possible, not a single soul, and especially not John Carlyon's soul. What a short time had he to live, and in the midst of life how near was he to death; and yet what could she do? Many a night she lay awake in her sea-bordered home while the great winter tides swirled in and out, and the wind mouned and shricked like a lost spirit, thinking with aching heart of him who saved her from the roaring flood, but whom she could not save. What was he doing, what was he thinking, what was he believing, during those precious unreturning months? Mr. Carstairs had heard from him once or twice, but only with respect to certain business matters of a nature to be in trusted to him rather than to Mr. Scrivens. He was setting his house in order in one sense, yet there was no sign of carefulness for the most important matter of all. How often were her small, white hands wedded in vicarious supplication—how often was his name whispered to God through those pure ips! Many men have intercessors of this ort (beside the Great One,) who innocent themselves, little know what sins they would have shriven; and Heaven grant such prayers may not be altogether unanswered. Let us trust there must be something good in the object, however unworthy, that can provoke such supplications.

# Artemus on His Travels.

Dad you ever hear of the late Artemus ward's experience in travelling without method? He left New York by a night boat. Directly a man spoke to him, saying, Going West, sir?"

Said Artemus, "I suppose so." Then said the man, "As I'm from the West, we'll go

Do you drink brandy?" said the man. I suppose so," said Charley. Where in the thunder be you going,"

Well, I'm going anywhere for a month, Just as other men lead me. I've travelled with purpose till I'm rick. A purpose is worse than baggage. I'm going on, that's

The man said he was with Browne till

The man said he was with Browne till death. He had never done anything a purpose. "So," he said, "suppose we go to my state-room and play a game of poker."

They played poker till daylight, when Browne was very tight. He had lost four or five hundred dollars. A second man joined them at Albany. "So you two be travelling by chance, as you may say? Well, I'm with you to the death." They got off the boat, and a back driver said. "Where do you and a back driver said. "Where do you want to go, gentlemen?" "Anywhere; go on." He dreve to a barroom with much alacrity. There they made so great a noise that the proprietor cried, "Where be you going, men?" "Don't care!" "Then go They met a policeman on the sideout! They met a policeman on the side-walk. "Where are you bound:" "Any-where," "Then I 'spose the station-house will suit," Charley Erowne was pulled up before the Judge next day, the gravely gave the name of Gerritt Smith, and Gerritt was fined for drunkennes. "Where now?" cried the purposeles ones. They saw a sign—"Utica train" and they went to Utica. There as stage driver build them, "Where be you going." Anywhere." So they started for Trentes Falls. The third day of lolling, they took a peny ride up into the wilderness, permitting the mags to select their own route. Suddenly, the original man produced a pistol

t your money," he cried, very

steraly, to Browne Browne complied with great complacency. We brought you out here to rob you,

said the second man. "Then," said Browne, "you're deuced swindlers. We were to travel without me thod, and you've had a method all along. I don't care a nonparell whether you boot me or not; but I won't have the travelling con

ract broken."
"We said," cried the first man, cold-bloodedly, "that we'd follow you to the death. You're up to that pint new, purty-

"I object to nothing," sald Browne; "I said I would travel anywhere. You skunked me. Put up your trons; we'll spend this mosey together."

The two thieves laughed. "You're cool

two thieves laughed. "You're cool What are you by enough," they said, ""
name and business ?"
"I'm Artemus Ward."

Did you write the visit to the Shakers ?"

Well, Bill, put up your gun. I thought this was Artemus. We'll spend his money instead of his brains."

But Charles Browne grew methodical on the homeward route, and steered for New

They have a queer idea of "prohibi-tion" in Vienna. The police recently threat-ened a lager-beer seller to fine him heavily if he did not increase the size of his glasses. if he did not increase the size of his glasses.

In Canada silver is so plenty that traders are refusing it in payment of debts above the legal tender, and people write complaints to the papers about "the silver

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, OCTO'R 19, 1-67.

NOTICE .- We do not return rejected manu scripta, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

## THE ELECTIONS.

The elections have come and gone-some

The elections have come and gone—somewhat like a whirlwind.

Of course, an' we chose, we could explain the whole matter—just as clearly as our political contemporaries. But as The Poer is a literary paper, its editor must forbear.

In one opinion, however, we are pleased to see that all the politicians agree. Differing as the Republican and Democratic editors do in almost everything class—one side stating twenty reasons why the election went as it did, and the other side giving as many easons of a diametrically opposite characte -in one view they all unite. We may there-fore, we think, without offence to President Johnson General Grant, Thaddeus Stevens, or "any other man," give as a conclusion upon which all are agreed, that the defeated party—whichever it is—lost this election, in the same way that so many preceding parties have lost their election

ties have lost their elections—
By not polling a sufficient number of cotes.
Here is the great secret of political success—bring out your men—poil more votes than the opposition party—and you cannot fail to succeed! This is the rule that "old" Andrew Jackson and "old" Abraham Lincoln adopted, and by which they were able to do that very difficult feat, as one would at first thought supposes. "correction control of the country of the count at first thought suppose, "carry the country." So certain is this rule in its operations, that there is little doubt that the adroit that there is little doubt that the adroit politician who invented the plan to "vote early, vote often, and keep on voting," would undoubtedly have caused his party always to succeed, had he not once paid an unfortunate visit to the penitentiary, and forgot to come out before the door was closed. In conclusion, we have one piece of advice to give both Republicans and Democrats:—Take The Saturday Evening Post.

TAKE THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It will make you reasonable in victory, co sole you in your defeats, and confer such general knowledge and good sense upon your boys, that when they grow up and come to vote, they will do what the politicians of both parties are continually telling their fellowcitizens to do, "rote right."

Be careful how you take political papers.
But if you do take one political paper, always take two; one of your own way of thinking, and the ablest one you can find on the opposite side. This was the way Abraham Lincoln did, as Mr. Herndon, his law-partner, tells us. And it is a capital way to keep a man from running into reliculous extremes. Of course it is more difficult to come to a de cision when you read both sides—but then your decision will be worth something. Every day do we hear men making fools of

themselves in conversation, as a consequence of only reading one side of public questions, and believing implicitly everything that their own party leaders and editors say. No reader of The Post should do this. Brethren, if you must meddle with politics, and read political paners, and we suppose and read political papers,—and we suppose you must—always read both sides. Then you will generally have a pretty correct idea of the merits and demerits of all public men and public measures, you will not be so much the tools of parties and politicians, and will be able always to vote understandingly, and like free, patriotic and independent

# THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

We call attention to the advertisement of this monthly journal. The Agriculturist is one of the best of the agricultural monthlies, and deserves the liberal support which it

FW" A Russian engineer exhibits at the Paris Exposition a railway invention which has attracted considerable attention. The object is to save the power gained by a descent, now lost by the friction of the brakes with wear and tear, and use it in at To do this the engine has attached to the locomotive two very heavy fly wheels. Going down hill they act as a brake, and the force they gather will carry the train up an equal rise, less the friction.

A great many of those who talk most

about Liberty, have no other idea of Liberty than this:—the Liberty of forcing by law other people to do what you think right. Now the very essence of the true idea of Liberty is Free Agency. And men should only be restrained by law from interference with the free agency of others (as by theft, murder, &c.)-not in the exercise of their own free agency in things which concern

themselves
The French government has just ordered \$00,000 waistbelts, each having at-tached to it a small medicine box. The lat-ter will contain whatever is necessary to five in a rough way, a first dressing dysentery. The whole

will cost about 1,500,000fr. In a Chicago theatre, a few evenings sine, a dandy youth was staring persistently at a centleman's wife, through an opera glass, then the married man took the printed earl. "Taken," which lay on a re-

which lay on a reserved scattnear by, and held it up before his wife. The yearth looked no more.

Mrs. Lincoln, according to a report in the Boston Post, will become an authoress, and is writing a book entitled "Five Years in the White House". and is writing a boo

Libraries are the shrines where all he relies of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusien and imposture, are preserved and reposed

CITY FARMING —A farmer, in relating his experience in city farming, said. I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up ?"

Wheat, barley, or cats?" No, a policeman, who ordered me to re-

Miss Riggs, who married Mr. Heward Washington, received \$100,000 worth of bridal presents.

The Secretary of the Treasury has recently written the following letter to a gentleman in New York. It will be perceived that the Secretary comes right up to the mark. We may add that as to the question of paying in paper or in coin, the thing properly managed maked will settle itself. By proper economy in our national and other expenditures, greenbacks can be brought in a few years to be equivalent to gold—and this is the policy all should strive after. The following is the Secretary's letter ...

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Oct. 7, 1867. DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 4th inst, is received. Too much importance is attached to the utterance to which you refer. The people of the United States are all sound upon the question of the preservation of the national faith as they were upon the ques-tion of the preservation of the Union. I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the five-twenty bonds when they are paid in coin.

id in coin.

There need be, I think, no apprehension that they will be called in at the expiration of five (5) years from their respective dates and paid in United States notes

The United States notes were issued under the pressure of a great necessity, and are, by authority of Congress, being rapidly with-drawn from circulation. No more can be drawn from circulation. No more can be issued under existing laws, nor can I believe that any considerable number of the members of Congress would favor an additional issue for any purpose whatever, much less for the purpose of paying bonds in violation of the express understanding under which they were negotiated.

The policy of contracting the circulation of United States notes adopted by Congress and being steadily pursued by the Secretary, should of itself, even if the honor of the na tion were not involved in the question, satisfy holders that five-twenty bonds will not be called in and paid before maturity in a depreciated currency. Very truly yours,
H. McCullou, Secretary.

An Absent-Minded Judge.

Quite an amusing adventure befell Judge Van Buren on Saturday evening, which created no small amount of merriment among his friends. The judge, it appears, had or-dered a new pair of boots from a shoemaker on State street, and he went over on Saturday to put them or. The shoemaker put up the old boots in a brown paper parcel, and his honor walked away with the parcel in his hand, the new boots on his feet. Coming to a huckster stanl opposite the post-office, he spied a pair of the fat chickens, which he thought would make an excellent Sunday dinner. He bought them, and the storekeeper put them u, in a brown paper parcel. The judge, rather heavy laden, proceeded homeward with the old boots in one hand and the chickens in the other. "After all," thought he, "the od boots are of no use to me anyhow. I may as well give them to some poor man and relieve myself. It will be doing a charity to both parties corner of the street he encountered a colored

"Here, friend," said the judge, handing him a brown paper parcel, "there's a present for you, and I hope they'll fit."
"Thank you, sir," said the astonished shade; "I'm sure they will." And he went

on his way rejoicing.

The judge also went on his way glad at

heart. He met some friends at the door of Mr. Jordan, the undertaker, on Clark street
"Good-evening, Mr. Jordan," said hi
honor, in a cheery tone; "business brisk?"
Mr. Jordan looked grave.

r. Jordan looked grave.

I have just bought a pair of splendid kens," said the judge, "for Sunday dinchickens," said the judge, "for Sunday din-ner. Just look at them." And he proceeded to open the parcel for inspection. "Chickens!" exclaimed Mr. Jordan; "why

they look mighty like a pair of very old boots. I shouldn't like to have them chickens in my stomach.' The judge took off his hat, scratched his head. "Why, hang me if I haven't given that darkie the chickens after all. Well, I'm a pair of boots aftead, and a pair of chickens short."—Chicago Tribune.

SUMMER'S DEATH. By the length'ning twilight hours: By the chill and fragrant showers; By the flow'ret's pale and faded; By the leaves with russet shaded By the gray and clouded morn; By the droopi**t**g cars of corn; By the meadows, overspread With the spider's wavy thread; By the soft and shadowy sky. By the thousand tears that he Summer, we perceive thy death !

Summer, all the charms are past: Summer, then art wasting fast; Scarcely one of all thy roses On thy faded brow reposes. Thrush and rightingale have long Ceased to woe thee with their song: And, on every lonely height, Swallows gather for their flight; While the will wind's dreary tone Sweeping through the valleys lone Sadly sighs with mournful breath, Requients for sweet Summer's death

ALL RIGHT. -There was a good woman at All Kight —There was a good woman at Andover, who, in the time of the old Ar-minian controvers, went to her minister in great trouble, one lay, saying, "Doctor, they no say you are an Armenian." "An Armethat I am an Armenian! Why, I was re in Duxbury, and have never heen out of the state in all my life." "I thought they maligned ye," said the good woman, who departed quite relieved and thoroughly satisfied that her minister was

e of death upon an Irishman, said : You shall be taken to the place of execu-ion and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on rour soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed: the conclusions of their report, but will consider this matter, and make a future communication upon it.

A foreign journal announces that the railway from Paris to Strasburg has three-story cars for first, second, and thirdclass passengers.

# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

# Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" the following nevelets for next year!-

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott. author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.
THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M.
Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c. PLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandles foulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short cott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss da M. Donglas, Mirs V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its

# The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

# BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS: \$2.50 A YEAR.

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (in all respects) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly,

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.
The contents of The Lady's Friend and of

The Post will always be entirely different. Address

DEACON & PETERSON. No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

# Dickens's Vision.

In a recent number of his journal Dickens gives an account of a vision which he had, and to which he does not hesitate to ascribe a supernatural character. It occurs in a note which he appends to an article from a contributor who has a theory to propose con-cerning spectral appearances. His own story is as follows: "We dreamed that we were is as follows: We creamed that we were in a large assembly and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being toward us, we touched her. On looking round she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on apologizing, said, pleasantly, 'I am Miss. N \_\_\_\_\_, mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, al-though a well-known name. The dream was unusually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening we recognized (with a strange feeling,) coming in at the open door of our room the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her, as Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstances, near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real, common-place visit, in pursuance appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter we had no previous knowledge of her name nor of her existence.

THE MOST MERCIFUL MODE OF KILL ING ANIMALS.-To kill animals for market with the least possible cruelty has been the object of some recent experiments made in French slaughter-houses at Vincennes. At present oxen are slaughtered by blows from heavy hammers on the head, which inflict torture on the unfortunate victims. The idea occurred to an eminent French physiologist that the section of the spine would produce more instant death. This, ever, has not been demonstrated. thus killed lived for twelve minutes, and en dured during that time the most horrible sufferings. Decapitation was then tried, with the following curious results: "A calf was decapitated in the space of a quarter of a minute. It head was then placed on a table. In six minutes two ounces and a half During the first minute of blood were lost. face was frightfully convulsed, mouth opened and shut as though the animal were cating; and, strange to say, on putting the hand against the mouth and nos trils, it was easy to feel the respiration con-tinuing." Thirty animals were thus killed, and the result of the observations taken was that the committee decided that the old practice of killing by means of blows from a ammer should be continued | We should think the most merciful mode was -but we suppose the expense is against this way. - Ed. Post. 1

RITUALISM .-- The Commission created in land to examine the subject of Ritualism have reported to the Queen that they have Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said Inited Church, and think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parish-ieners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress." They say, however, that they are not yet prepared to re-

The same laws that secure property encourage avarice; and the fences made about honest acquisition are the bars which trines," was the text of an anti-immers secure the hoards of the miser.

Indian Agents.

In the course of a long article on the In-dian question, the Louisville Journal has the

following:—
We had the pleasure of an hour's conversa tion, a few days ago, with the foster brother of the celebrated Seminole chief, Billy Bowof the celebrated Seminole chief, Billy Bow-legs. His reminiscences of the Florida war are exceedingly interesting. He was one of the moderate party in the tribe, the tribe friendly to the whites. When the tribe finally

friendly to the whites. When the tribe finally split upon the subject, he was with those who petitioned Gen. Zachary Taylor to transfer them beyond Arkansas.

At no time during his life had he been hostile to the whites, although he fought with his tribe so long as general warfare was kept up. He says that he does not remember a single instance in thirty years in which the whites have religiously kept an engagement with the Indiana. He never has known a treaty which, carried into effect, was not somehow distorted to the prejudice of the Indian. He has known but one or two Indian agents who were honest men. The rest are all scoundrels, and invariably cheat the are all scoundrels, and invariably cheat the Indians out of seven-eighths of their annuities, or of their money in trade. He draws a very striking picture of the payment of annuities; one such scene, he says, will represent the whole.

The Indian Agent makes his appearance at a certain point to distribute the annuities. The Indians of the tribe, having been previously notified, are present. A young war-rior, in the first flush of manhood, ambitious, inexperienced, comes up to receive say one hundred dollars, which is due him, as the son of a chief. The first thing that attracts him is a beautiful blanket, a red Mah-kecnah perhaps, which the artful agent has placed in a prominent position for the very purpose. He must have that blanket. Very purpose. He must have that blanket. Very purpose. He must have that blanket. Very well; the agent is willing that he should; it is just the same as money. A roll is pre-pared in blank, but the ignorant Indian does not know it. He makes his mark. Then the blank is filled by the agent with as many blankets as he deems prudent. Our Semi-nole has known of instances where the blank has been filled with forty blankets, while only one was actually received by the Indian

receipting.

There are butcher knives, a very a ticle. An Indian who wishes one is charged \$40 for it. If he gets drunk and wishes to return it and get something else, he is the same day permitted to return it, and is credited with \$1.25.

Presently the agent, finding that his re-ceipts will cover the whole annuity to the tribe, suddenly closes his books, and an-nounces to the crestfallen Indians that there is no more to come. But he has still on hand a few blankets and other trifles for which he will dicker. If an Indian would like an old French musket, for which the agent has paid \$3, he can have it for \$45 in cash, or furs at the lowest price. So the shameless

At night the agent has full receipts for his goods, or cash, and has seven-eighths of the whole sale in his pocket or under guard. Perhaps he will have large portions of it ex-posed for sale on the frontier shortly afterward. Perhaps he will have it safely buried

at his encampment.

Now, if he can get all the Indians drunk, Now, if he can get all the indians drank, he can probably steal back the greater portion of the one-eighth distributed to them. Next day he will swear they traded with him for whiskey. So he rolls out a dozen kegs of whiskey, knocks out the heads and winds up the day with the biggest spree he can get up. can get up.
This is the model Indian agent, painted

# Pinnes, and Pinne Forte Playing.

It is very difficult to coax a great pianist to touch an instrument of which he knows nothing. However great his powers of ex-ecution, he well knows he must be helped by the piano upon which he is performing, and that, should it fail in tone, resonance, tune, that, should it fail in tone, resonance, tune and touch, he would soon lose his self-control over expression, his coolness in the daring of difficulties, and give but small token of his real specialty as a pianist. With the violin the tone has to be made by strings and bow; the performer may choose his strings and his bow, and very much of his play is in his own choice and disposition. With the organ, the tone is made and the With the executant has only to blend his stops and regulate his attack upon the key-board. But with the piano, although the tone is made, the power of illustrating it in all its varieties, and of breathing into the instrument the sensibilities of music, is very much dependent upon mechanism—the mechanism of the speaking portion of the key-board—and unless the performer can fully rely on this portion of the mechanism, he has no fair field, and no real opportunity for exhibiting either his prowess or generalship in the unfolding and display of musical composition.—Song Mes-

Rev. M. H. Gallagher, in noticing some instances in the education of children, said he knew of a woman who used to tie her boy to a bed-post on Sanday, while she went to church, and made him learn the hymn beginning, "Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we

I serenaded Sophia once when she was but a tender lass, and the greeting which I received for my travelling musical convention has never been fully appreciated by me.
It was the witching hour of 1 A. M., when It was the witching hour of 1 A. M., when church-yards yawn. Everything was hushed, made an impartial examination of the matter; that they do not regard vestments as
cesential, as "they give grave offence to
many;" that they consider it expedient "to
menced to sing, "I Bring a Little Flower to
Thee." Sophia was hanging out of the window, and it was through her solicitation that dow, and it was through her solicitation that I endeavored to warble "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia's tyrannical pap stuck his head out of the window, and in a voice of thunder roared: "Well, just set it voice of thunder roared: on the door-step, and don't make so much fuss about a blamed little flower."

It is related that turkey cocks are e to do hens' duty in France. made drunk with wine, their breasts plucked, and then they are placed on a sitting of eggs. On "coming out of it" they find their breasts cold unless they remain where they are, and therefore accept the situation—that

is to say, the hen's.

Beware of divers, and strange doc-

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# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Home Intelligence.

# The Elections.

PHILADELPHIA.—In this city the majority of Hon. George Sharswood, the Democratic candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is 2,487; for Gen. Peter Lyle, Democratic can is 2,487; for Gen. Peter Lyle, Democratic can didate for shoriff, 3,952; for Major Joseph N. Peirsol, Democratic candidate for City Treasurer, 2,112; for General J. F. Ballier, Democratic candidate for City Commissioner, 1,734; for Joseph Megary, Democratic candidate for Clerk of Orphans' Oourt, 1,317; for Gen. William A. Leech, Democratic candidate for Register of Wills, 1,198.

Register of Wills, 1,198.

Hon. James R. Ludlow, nominated by a citizen's meeting and adopted by the Democratic Convention, is reelected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas by a majority of

PENNSYLVANIA.—Sharswood, (Dem.) has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court by about 1,500 majority The Lgislature is Re-publican in both branches, with 20 majority on joint ballot. Woodward, (Dem.) has been elected to Congress in the vacant Luzerne district.

Оню.—Hayes, (Republican) has been elected by a majority of about 2,500. The Legislature is Democratic in both branches, by a majority of from 5 to 10 on joint ballot. This legislature elects a U. S. Senator, in place of Ben. Wade, whose term expires

Shortly.

The Working Men's and Democratic candidate in the Cincinnati district, (General Carey) is elected—a Republican loss.
The Negro Suffrage amendment is defeat-

ed by a large majority—probably 30,000.
INDIANA.—The returns show large Demo cratic gains.

Iowa. - A Despatch from Des Moines says: "Twenty-nine counties so far heard from, give 14,000 Republican majority; the remaining counties will increase it to 25,000." CONNECTICUT.—The town elections report a Democratic gain of 17 towns in 100

heard from. There are about 160 towns in COUNTERFEIT BONDS.—About \$160,000

worth of seven-thirty bonds sent to Washington by New York houses, for redemption, have been pronounced counterfeit by United thate been pronounced counterfect by United States Treasurer Spinner. It is believed that considerable quantities of these counterfeits are held in New York and the West. All of them were of the A or B series, ranging within the following named thousands, namely, 68,000, 140,000, 160,000 and 180,000. The result of the examination, as ordered by The result of the examination, as ordered by the Solicitor of the Treasury, is—

First. The seal is slightly larger than the genuine; the red ink with which it is stamped is a shade lighter, and the points projecting from the seal are blurred, and a little onger than the genuine.
Second. The imprint at the bottom of the

face of the bond, is set different in the mar-gin, there being more space given it than in the genuine.

Third. The borders of the coupons which are attached to the counterfeit bonds are larger, while the red figures are finer than in

the genuine.

Fourth. The borders of the ornamented lathe work are blurred and somewhat indif-ferently executed.

Fifth. The figures denoting the bond are slightly uneven, while the blue ink in which they are printed is a duller blue, and lacks the metallic glossy appearance of the genu-

Sixth. There is to the experts a differ ence in the vignette—the female figure on the face of the bond; the lines are not so well shaded, nor is the black ink so well dis-

The counterfeit is regarded as one of the most dangerous that has yet been executed. About 250,000 are believed to be in existence. The loss, of course, falls upon the holders, if they cannot prove from whom they received

em—not upon the government.

MARYLAND.—The Republican Convention have nominated Judge Bond for Governor. Their resolutions say that the Republican party of Maryland adhere firmly to the principles of manhood suffrage, universal and uniform education and the payment of the national debt, and pledge themselves to fight it out on that line

Gen. Grant for President was passed by 64

yeas to 17 nays,
Massachusetts.—John Quincy Adams on of Charles Francis Adams, and grandson of "the old man eloquent," has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor. WASHINGTON.—The following are Wash-

ington items, containing more or less truth:
It appears to be certain now that Gen McClernand, of Illinois, will not succeed General Grant in the War Department. The general belief here is that the result of the elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania puts a

quietus upon impeachment.

Gen. Sherman will leave here shortly for New York, and thence go to Missouri. The Washington Lincoln Monument Association have closed a contract for a monu-

ment of Italian marble, to be thirty-six feet high, including a statue of Lincoln, eight feet in height.

Senor Romero, the Mexican envoy, took final leave of the President on Saturday. The United States steamer Wilderness has been placed at his disposal.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says: "General Grant to-day in conversation on the elections of last Tuesday, said he was pleased with the result, because it would allay anxiety about conflict of arms and revolution, and con pel moderation on the part of extremists, who have been threatening measures that disturbed the public mind, and kept well disposed citizens in alarm for the stability of the Government and the security of our financial interests.

A distinguished New York Democrat states that on an interview with the President, it is ascertained that there are to be no Cabinet changes for the present, and no variation in the general policy of the Administration. The disposition is to let the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections go for what they are worth; but that should New York declare against the Radical party, "then," said Mr. Johnson, "the Executive Department will be fully equal to the requirements of the times, as indicated by these irresistible expressions of the popular will."

RICHMOND-THE TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. -In view of the trial of Davis double the usual number of Petit Jurors have been ordered to be summoned for the fall term. The Hon. James Lyons was furnished with a copy of the indictment against Dayis. General Welles, of Alexandria, it is under-stood, is engaged on the side of the procecu-tion. tion. Prosecuting Attorney Chandler leave to-night for New York to consult with Mr. Evarts, who assists him. THE PLAINS.—On the 5th instant, 431

lodges of Indians were assembled at Medi-cine Lodge Creek to attend the Peace Coun-cil, and 421 lodges were on the way thither. The Cheyennes are said to be now desirous

At the Indian Council now in progress at Fort Harker there are said to be 5,000 Indians present, representing the Arrapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Chevennes and Ca manches. These Indians are in consulta-tion with the Peace Commissioners, and most of them are reported to be anxious for The mission of General Sherman the Commissioners is considered thus

far a great success. A party of thieves, who have depredated for some months on the Pacific railroad, have been arrested at Omaha, Nebraska, and some of the stolen property has been recovered. The thieves were connected with the railroad

steamer Only Chance, from Fort Ben ton, Montana, arrived at Omaka on Friday night, with \$3,000,000 in treasure and 200

NEW ORLEANS, -An ordinance passed by New Orlleans.—An ordinance passed by the old City Council, over the Mayor's veto, which had not since been heard from, ap-propriating \$70,000 for the establishment and support of negro schools, has been of-ficially promulgated by the Mayor. Separate schools for the negroes are being established.

The deaths from yellow fever continue to average from 60 to 70 daily.

SHERIDAN.—Gen. Sheridan still continues

his tour, being received with great enthu-siasm everywhere. At a serenade to him in Boston on Monday night, the crowd in Bowdoin Square was so great that over fifty ladies, who had ventured to the scene, fainted. One had her ribs broken, and

At Springfield, Mass., the General, in a little speech, said "he had a lively recollection of the place, as when in service he had so often thought of the Springfield musket.

TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA. - Particulars from TROUBLE IN VIRGINIA.—Fartenniars from Norfolk county, show a serious state of af-fairs among the negro squatters. Besides resisting the United States officers, they have held meetings which they attend armed, and at one of these meetings the chief speaker urged the idea that the negroes were more powerful than the whites in the South, and would hold the lands they were on at all

# Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The news from Italy shows that the revolutionary movements of Garibaidi are causing intense excitement throughout that kingdom. Several engagements are reported to have taken place, the last resulting to the disadvantage of the revolutionists. There is a doubtful report that the following plan has been agreed on: Italy is to take possession of Rome; the Pope is to remain there until his death, when the temporal power of Pones will cease.

poral power of Popes will cease.

The Garibaldian forces are still menacin Rome; where they say an insurrection will soon break out.
It is denied that the American Minister

demanded the release of Garabaldi, on the ground that he was an American citizen, but he asked the Government to show elemency. Garibaldi has issued an address denouncing Ratazzi, the Italian Minister of War.

It is reported that Menotti, the son of General Garibaldi, has been arrested by the Italian Government. When last heard from,

Menotti Garibaldi was entirely engaged in carrying out his father's plan for the inva-sion of the Roman territory. At the last advices, the insurgents had oc-cupied many places in the Roman territory, and intrenched themselves. The plan of the Garibaldian leader, seems to be to draw the Garibaldian leaders seems to be to draw the soldiers away from Rome, and then give their friends in that city an opportunity to

roops to march upon Rome.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Fenian excitement still continues, and an outbreak is aprehended in the North of England, Extraordinary precautions have been taken by the

executed by Story.

The pioneer vessels for the release of the

British captives in Abyssinia have sailed.

The competition between the English and American safe manufacturers has resulted in

American safe manufacturers has resulted in the success of the latter. The jury declared S. E. Herring, of New York, the winner of the wager with the Chetwoods of Eugland. The money will be given to a charity.

Advices have been received from Falmouth, stating that the steamblip Circasian, from Bremen for New York, had put into that port with her machinery disabled, and will go into dock for remain. and will go into dock for repairs.

GERMANY .- In the Bayarian Dict, Tuesday, Prince Hohenloe delivered a speech, favoring the Union of Bavaria with the North German Confederation, under the Presidency of the King of Prussia.

A despatch from Vienna, dated October

driven ashore and became total wrecks, and others were badly damaged. The destruction of Chinese craft was very great. A telegram received from Hong Kong,

states the export of the new crop of ten, up to the 11th ult., reached 67,000,000

PERU.-There has been another attempt Peru to disturb the peace of the country. On the 11th of September a revolution was On the 11th of September a revolution was attempted in Arequipa, headed by Gutierres, Luna, Chocano, Masias, Idosa, Pacheca, Willafuerte, and others. After a combat of twenty-two hours it was put down. The rebels burned the new Constitution, as well as the platform from which it had been pro claimed. The number of dead amounted to fifty, with many wounded. Two boxes filled with needle guns, have

been seized in Isaly, supposed to be for the use of the rebels. CENTRAL AMERICA. - By the latest ad-

vices from Nicaragua, we learn that the towns near the Pacific coast, but some chaes still existed at different points in the in

# THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THE KNIGHT.

I was a brawny knight: I had no fear of men; I siew once without arms in fight A lion in his den, Far off in the bright Holy Land,

Where 'twas a joy to be, Where dreamy wastes of desert sand Ran down to violet sea. Where Christ his holy sermon gave,

I rode in strength and pride, Near to the Galilean wave, Upon the mountain-side.
Ah! little of His words we recked,
When all day by the sea
The battle rolled, and reeled, and shricked. And thundered hideously.

lie now in this vaulted sisle My arms across my breast;
I hear the voice of hymns meanwhile,
And take my hard-earned rest, Till God shall come with trumpet-sound

And all His saints to me, And rocks be rent, and graves unbound— How long is it to be?

THE LADY.

was the Lady of the Knight Ye make your moan about;
Of all his great joy and delight,
I was perforce shut out.
Tears only and terror were my dower,

Upon my lonely bed, Without him in the midnight hour, And worse than widowed

Then, after many weary years Of waiting in my bower, I had such lack of comforters,

I took a paramour.
I had been with him, and and loath,
A few and evil days,
When my lord found and slew us both, To his great name and praise

I lie now in the outer ground, Here in the common dust; At length a respite I have found, Among the peasants thrust, Till God shall come with all His flocks Of saints in Heaven to be, And I shall call on hills and rocks

# Plies.

The naturalist recognizes many hundreds The naturalist recognizes many fundreds of kinds of flies in this country, but in our household economy we reduce them mainly to three sorts: House flies, biting flies and blue-bottle or blow flies. The latter is readily distinguished; the two former are, however, frequently confounded, although easily known apart by an acute observer. They may, however, always be identified at a glance by the position they assume on a wall. A common house fly almost invaria-ably rests with its head downwards, and however it may alight works its way around until this direction is assumed. The biting flies, on the contrary, as universally rest rise.

The Paris Presse says the Pope is wholly confident of the ability of his forces to successfully resist the straggling parties invading the Papal territory, but greatly fears that the Italian Government will order its transfer to parch use Rome. entomologist, now residing in the United States, observed the man in question killing some of the flies on a wall of his hut, with out disturbing others, and, on being questioned, he gave as a reason that those with the heads up were "biters," and the others were not. A careful examination of the ordinary precautions have been valued in military and police authorities.

Kelly, the Fenian, was buried in Dublin on Monday with a great demonstration.

Cable dates to the 8th from London, say

Cable dates to the 8th from London, say

an ignorant but unobservant peasant.

2% The following is an extract from a highly appreciative notice of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, which took the medial at the Paris Exposition, in La France, in which it appears over the signature of M. Esculatia, one of the most eminent musical

"It would occupy more space than is at our disposal, to detail the numerous merits of the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. However, to the summary appreciation of the qualities which place them in the first we add in regard to their construction, they are considered by our artists and manu facturers as the perfection of mechanism that in the combination of all the parts there is displayed a precision, skill, and compre-hension of mechanical art beyond all criti-

## Mrs. Lincoln's Means.

A contemporary makes the following statements, we know not how correctly: "Mr. Lincoln's estate was appraised at \$75,000, before the Congressional appropriation of \$25,000 was made, and very few men in this country leave their families so well provided for as that. If not affluence, according to present notions, \$100,000 at least constitutes competence.

"It is now represented, however, that \$22,000, the balance of the Congressional appropriation, after discharging certain obappropriation, after discharging certain obligations, was 'all the property that fell to Mrs. Lincoln,' except the house and lot in Springfield where the late President resided before his election. It is difficult to reconcile this statement with facts, when it is known that she purchased a house in Chicago for \$18,000, filled it with costly furniture, including several thousand dollars' including several thousand dollars worth of pictures, and has since lived there state, keeping numerous servant and sporting handsome carriages with coachmen and footmen in livery. There is either some mistake in the matter, or Mrs. Lincoln has been squandering the property of her children as well as her own in reckless excultifier as well as her own in reckiess ex-travagance. At all events, it is apparent that she has lived beyond her means, and if she is now involved in pecuniary embarrass-ments she has no one to blame but herself."

Shakespeare has been often ridiculed for speaking of "dove's milk." But he was right; for there is such a thing. At the time of the young birds, both male and female parents fill their crops with corn, and holding it there a long time, it changes into a creamy fluid; when coming to their nests, they open their mouths, and the young are able to drink this "dove's milk" so provided; and this they are able to do because the orifice is shorter at this time than at others. Hence they become very fat, and are known as squabs. When it is time for them to be weaned, they are reluctant to leave and pro-Hence they become very fat, and are known as squabs. When it is time for them to be weamed, they are reluctant to leave and provide for themselves, and the parents are obliged repeatedly to push them from their nest. Then being obliged to live on other food, they quickly fall away; they get very poor, and are unfit for eating.

From the American Agriculturist. N. Y. City.

"The Great American Tea Company," 31 and 33 Veacy Street, advertised in our columns, though doing an immense business all over the country, has not even been complained of to us more than two or three times in a present as well. plained of to us more than two or three times in as many years. On this account, as well as for other reasons we have previously stated, we believe general satisfaction is given to their customers. But stimulated by their success, several of the swindling fraternity have started or pretend to have started other "Tea Companies,"—some copying very nearly the advertisements, etc., of the old company. Some of these we know to be humbugs, (one was noted last month.) and as to others we have not evidence sufficient to warrant us in admitting lence sufficient to warrant us in admitting their advertisements

Squire Cliff, of Vermont, lives up on the picturesque Onion river, (sometimes called the Winooski,) of whose scenery he is very proud. He is an entertaining com-panion, and, what they call, in the Western Reserve, "considerable of a man any way." The great defect about him is his breath, the great detect about him is his oreath, which is a little the worst a man ever drew. It is good not only to perfume a room, but a whole neighborhood. M. Moustier, the politic French minister, was travelling this summer on Lake Champlain, and Squire, Cliff was introduced to him at Burlington as a gentleman well informed upon Vermont records and sceneries. "Marquis," said the Squire, drawing close, "for two and fifty years I have lived upon the Onion!" "Sare," replied the Frenchman, "I should think you lived on him one hundrade!"

The cashier of a Mobile bank in-l the directors that he wished to resign. He was supposed to be a poor man in the comparative sense—and they asked him if he could afford to resign. "Yes," said the cashier, "if I could not I would not." "How is that? We thought you had no." thing but your salary." "Gentlemen," said he, perfectly cool and frank, "I have used the money of the bank—used it liberally. I year chances, made the best of them, and returned every dollar I took. I have enough now, and want to resign. Have the books examined; you will find everything straight. It may have been wrong to use your money but there's nothing lost, and it's not wort your while to make any trouble. and the lucky cashier ot make any trouble. is now a member of the best society—but he is a rascal nevertheless.

THE BEST METHOD. When, from sedentary habits, the muscles become ema-ciated and the digestive system disordered,

THE BEST METHOD.—When, from sedentary habits, the muscles become emaciated and the digestive system disordered, the best method for restoring the patient to health and full weight, is for him to be charged with electricity, applied through the handle of a spade, a hoe, an axe, or some similar instrument. Apply it daily, and for some hours at a time. Try it.

To Drive Off Rats.—We find the following going the rounds of our exchanges:

Take a bunch of matches and soak them over night in a teacupful of water; then take out the matches, and thicken the water with Indian meal to a thick dough, adding a spoonful of sugar and a little and. Lay about the premises where the abs are and nothing else will get it. It is decidedly the best exterminator extant. Give it a trial.

"We wended Phillips is out in an article upbraiding the Republicans for not taking stronger ground for negro suffrage, and saying this is the cause of their decreased majorities!

A novel railway invention has been made by a Russian engineer. The object is referred.

Sth, says that the Emperor Francis Joseph refuses to change the Concordat.

France.—The cadres of the French army have been enlarged, but the effective force has not been increased. The Emperor contemplates many liberal reforms.

Achille Fould, the French financier and statesman, died in Paris on Standay night, aged 67.

The arrangements are completed for a meeting between Napoleon and the King of Prussia at an early day in Baden.

China—Late advices from China report that a violent and destructive typhone had visited the harbor of Hong Kong, causing great injury to the shipping. Vessels were

to The importance of the egg trade may be seen by the fact, that a dealer in Ithaca sent to New York, in two successive weeks, five hundred and forty barrels, containing eighty desce each, and his shipments for the month exceed half a million of eggs to New York alone.

York alone.

\*\*\* An Eastern paper gets off the following: "An editor never leaves any money at home for fear of are, and never carries any with him for fear of robbers, nor deposits it in any bank for fear of speculating officials. His money generally is in the hands of his subscribers."

used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the allments and discases prescribed, is what the Ballus guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and sys-tematic: It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other Liningart, no kind of Pain-kri-LER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satte-factorily as RADWAY'S READY RELEEF. It has been in the counting-room and at the force, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment Radicay's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken invarelly according to directions, rais, from whatever cause, ceases to exist." Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS. Change, BRUESES, or STRAIRS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POL SONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for NEW STROKES APOPLEXY, RHECHATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOU-REUX, INPLANEATION OF THE STORAGE, HOWERS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Poliow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Bold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

DEAFRESS CURED.-DE. STILWELL'S ORGANIC VI nnavon. It fits into the ear and is not perceptible, removes singing in the head, and enables deaf per-sons to hear distinctly at church and public as-

A Treatise on Deafness, Catarrh, Cons Cancer; their causes, means of speedy relief and ultimate cure, by a pupil of the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Sent free for 10 cents. Scrofulous dis-cases successfully treated. Dr. T. H. STILWELL, 21 East Washington Place, New York City, where all letters, to receive attention, must be addressed.

Dr. Stilwell, of New York, assisted by Dr. Pers-

ban, of the University of Vienna, will be profes-sionally at 1003 Pine St., Philadelphia, Tuesday next

HOLLOWAY'S CONTMENT relieves and soothes the severest pain of Gout and Rheumatism; every vestige of inflammation is removed within a few hours of the first application. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkatand at bis head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exorcise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history.

# MARRIAGES.

# Marriage notices must always be accompanied a responsible name.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, r. William J. Carring to Miss Lucharta J. Jones, the of this city. On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, r. Kirwarn Canry to Miss Jenser Barres, both this cit.

of this city.
On the 3d instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. William Ramsey to Miss Elizabeth Beekley, both of this city. both of this city.

On the 34th of Sept., by the Rev. J. Spenier Kennard, Mr. John F. Warsen to Miss Camer. Rec. both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. D. Bourdman, Mr. Samuer. Berron to Miss Harner L. Raas. both of this city.

both of this city.
On the 2d instant, by the Rev. R. Eddy. Mr. Greener Sixorer to Miss Eliza Sizons, both of this city.

# BEATHS.

" Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-

On the 8th instant, Manta L. Tasken, in her 90th On the See instant, Sanan Binwrite, in her 37th Year. On the 7th Instant, SANCEL HOOD, in his 71st On the 7th Instant, Mrs. MARTHA GREEN, in her 7th Instant, Capt. WILLIAM J. Asite, aged On the 6th instant, CHARLES LUTTS, in his 28th or. On the 6th instant, HENRY L. Boon, in his 51st On the 5th Instant, Mrs. MARY MATTON, in her 71st.

# THE MARKETS.

On the 5th Instant, Mr. CHARLES S. PORTER, aged

# The Home of the Gorilla.

Mr. Buokiand's papers, entitled "Gorilla Biories," and "The Gorilla Hunter" gave ample details of the extraordinary adventures of Mr. du Chaillu, the explorer of the forests of Western Africa. It will be remembered that skepticism was expressed by some of Mr. du Chaillu's statements. This "traveller's stories" are now known in this, as in other scientific matters, to be substantially correct, though in same details he may have been misled by native reports. His recent book of travels in "Ashango Land" amply confirms Mr. du Chaillu's reputation as a daring explorer and accurate observer. His final remarks about the gorilla will be read with interest.

\*The natives of all the neighboring coun try were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high for them, that many were stimulate to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

"One day as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the 'Cambria' (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly: and hastly a vigorous. screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part and the ankles to the lower, so could not reach to tear the cords teeth. It was dark, and the scene with her teeth. was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio, one of them distorted by pain-for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

forming the days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness, he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might, happily the chain was made fast, and I took afterwards to keep out of his way. The mother gorilla was in an unfortunate bt. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, bosides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She grouned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain.

"I noticed next day, and on many occasions, that the vigorous young male, whenever he made a rush at any one and missed his aim, immediately ran back. This corresponds with what is known of the habits of the large males in their native woods; when attacked they make a furious rush at their enemy, break an arm or tear his bowels open, then beat a retreat, leaving the victim

to shift for himself. "The wounded female died in the course "The wounded female died in the course of the next day, her monnings were more fre pout in the morning, and they gradually became weaker as her life chied out. Her death was like that of a human being, and affilice! I me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after her was lead. I obstagranhed them both she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It groaned at high thost pitcously. I fed it on gest's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unconquerable dislike to the milk. It had, think, begun to know me a little. the male. I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera towards him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I and I was amous property and I was almost be day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"I must now relate how these three and the capture that the capture

mals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had some to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vaz, about thirty miles above my vilprojects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveller Captain Burton, to show him a live gerilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite late at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighboring village, had told her people that she had seen two squads of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain telds. The men probably been frightened away by the noise. "This incident led me to modify somewha

opinions I had expressed, in 'Adventures atorial Africa, regarding some of the of the gorilla. I there said that I in Equatorial Africa. believed it impossible to capture an adult female alive, but I ought to have added, un-less wounded. I have also satisfied myself gorilla is more gregarious than I formerly considered it to be; at least it is now clear that, at certain times of the year, it goes in bands more numerous than those ! naw in my former journey. Then I never saw more than five together. I have myself seen, on my present expedition, two of these bands of gorillas, numbering eight or test, and have had authentic accounts from the natives of other similar bands. It is true tillas become aged, they seem that, when gorillas become aged, they seem to be more solitary, and to live in pairs, or, the case of old males, quite alone. have been assured by the negroes that soli-tary and aged gorillas are sometimes seen

"Ashango I and." By P. du Chaillu. John Murray.

almost white; the hair becomes grizzled with age, and I have no doubt that the statement of their becoming occasionally white

h extreme old age is quite correct.
After reconsidering the whole subject, I compelled also to state that I think it highly probable that gorillas, and not chim-panzees, as I was formerly inclined to think were the animals seen and captured by the Carthagenians under Hanno, as related in the Periplus.

## Strauss, the Violinist.

PROM A LATE PARIS LETTER

To-night we bid adieu to Johann Strans who will lead his marvellous cortege of waltzes to London. What an impression of joy and sympathy he has left among us! It is with great interest we read of his life and of his struggle for the art he loved so well. His father, the founder of this dynasty of musicians, desired that none of his children should follow the career that had led him to celebrity; for some reason or other, he wished to carry to the tomb the secret of the adorable waltzes which he shook from the end of his enchanted boton. But the talent was hereditary; and secretly, in spite of his father's opposition, young Strauss played and wrote, and conjured up a world of fairy dances. One day—it was the birthday of the elder Straus—the poor little musician summoned up all his courage, and deter-mined to tell his father the whole terrible

"Father," said he, timidly, "I have ima-ned a surprise for your birthday." Thereupon he seated himself at the piano and played a waitz of his own composition. A vigorous box on the ears was the reward of this flial attention, and young Strauss was turned out of doors, with the injunction was turned out of doors, with the injunction not to reappear under the paternal roof until he had recovered from his madness. This was the signal of the violent and painful struggle between the two musicians. At eighteen young Strauss had formed a tolerably good orchestra, and became the declared rival of his father. His first waltzes had a wild success; the Viennesse joyfully saluted the advent of this new Strauss, who moved to make their children dance as promised to make their children dance as their fathers had danced to Strauss the elder. The rivalry became so hot through the wounded pride of the father that Johann exiled himself, and played through Hungary and Moldavia, where he met with unlimited success. He sometimes gained in one even-ing as much as two and three hundred ducats, which he would gaily spend during the night, and be as good humored as ever the next morning.

When Johann's triumphs had lasted two years, Strauss 1. died. I look longingly and in vain for an account of a reconciliation between the father and son, and of old Strauss relenting at his last moment, and giving into his successor's hands the baten he had so zealously guarded. But it was not to be so The death of the petted musician was almost a national grief for the Viennese. But his own orchestra had already silently recog nized the heir to his waltzes, and musician went themselves to beg Johann to lead them henceforth to victory. With unanimous ac-clamations Strauss II. ascended the throne At the opening of his first concert the oldest musician in the leaderless orchestra publicly presented to the young conductor his father's baton, and, with one voice, the three thousand Viennese who crowded the hall, cried: "Strauss is dead! Long live Strauss!" Since "Strauss is dead! Long live Strauss!" Since then all Young Europe has danced to King Strauss's music. But, in spite of his continual success, he hesitated long about coming to Paris, and when he at last ceded to the desire of his wife and friends, his first appearance at the Champ de Mars made him suffer terribly. His modesty is excessive, and he trembles like a schoolboy each time a new composition makes its debut; but when the composition makes its debut : but when the excitement of the moment mounts to his brain, when he rushes on at the head of his battallion, he becomes transformed. With sparkling eyes and energetic gestures he seizes his violin, directs his musicians with a glance, and, borne on by his own melodies, carries his orchestra with him with inde-scribable entrain. The musicians themselves ove my vil-promontory the place to the other of the room, the spectators jump on their chairs, and are tempted to say to their neighbors, "Will Madame do me the honor of dancing this polka with me

# Singing.

It is related that a singing-master once asked Braham, the great English vocalist, to do him the kindness to hear a pupil of his, to whom he had given great attention, sing, stating, at the same time, that she had a wenderful voice, and had made extraordious. At least, I thought so. Six months are however, when I them into any property. young ones, in her plantain field. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with runs, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favorable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise is their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavors to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise in their endeavors to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The regrees thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise.

"This incident led me to modify somewhat." pupil sing it, which she did, most miserably out of time and tune. The girl's voice had been spoiled, for the sake of cuabling her to grunt double F below, or squeal C in all., and her time had been mis pent in attempting to acquire that which could never be of any the except to astonish and be talked of as something wonderful. A is a common mistake to attempt to make pupils do much, rather than well. Young lades are made to attempt songs which are only it for finished artists. It is a greater and better thing to sing a simple song well than a difficult one ill.

> The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact, that in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philsogenius, "is over all the world a test of friendpher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce

# AUTUMN.

It is a fair autumnal day,
The ground is strewn with yellow leaves;
The maple stems gleam bare and gray,
The grain is bound in golden sheaves;
Afar I hear the speckled quails
Pipe shrilly 'mid the stubble dry.
And muffled beats from busy flails
Within the barn near by.

The latest roses now are dead, Their petals scattered far and wide, The sumach berries, richly red, Redeck the lane on either side A dreamy calm is in the air-

A dreamy echo on the sea; h, never was a day more fair Than this, which blesses me see the shocks of ripened corn-The yellowed mosses on the roof, The diamond dew-drops of the morn

That string with gems the spider's woof; An azure hate is hanging low, About the outline of the hills, And chanting nea-fowl southward go From marshes, flats and kills.

For many years, the autumn brought A solemn sadness to my soul— sombred e'en my lightest thought, And on my gayest moments stole; Twas sad, yet sweet-a strange alloy Of hope and sorrow intertwined-This autumn brings me only joy. No shadow haunts my mind

And why is this? The dead leaves fall-The blossoms wither as of old; And winter comes, with snowy pall, To wrap the earth so chill and cold: The sea-fowl, strung athwart the sky, Still chant their plaintive monotone— And why, when leaves and blossoms die, Should I feel joy alone?

Oh. ask me not-I must not tell: dare not all my heart disclose A fairy wove a magic spell Around me, when decayed the rese; I'wo gifts did fading summer bring— Two symbols of unfading blisspon my finger glows a ring, Upon my lips—a kiss!

# Under the Lamps at Scarborough.

I hardly know how I came to be at Scar-borough at all, but there I was. I am an easy sort of man. I am afraid, indeed, that I have been easy, and so to speak, the sport of circumstances all my life, and it has not been a very long one yet. At any rate, I found myself there, on a sweet September night, leaning over the wall of the Spa Promenade, and staring out seaward. Behind me, the lamps were only just lighted, but I had seen that the amphitheatre seats

but I had seen that the amplitheatre seats were occupied, and by the increase of rust-ling, and footsteps behind, I knew that the promenade was filling.

Still I stared out seaward, listened to the slush of the waves in the bay, and thought how much rougher and grander they would be on the other side of the Castle Cliff.

"I wonder what I came for?" I said to myself. "I don't know a soul here except the Nugents, and they will think I followed them, and then..."

them, and then—"
"So you did follow us, after all, Robert?"

I confess that my start was more violent than the calm, ladylike tones seemed to war rant; the fulfillment of my prognostication came upon me so suddenly. It was my aunt. Lady Nugent, who spoke, and with her there was her daughter, my cousin Cecile, commonly called Cis, whom I had an uneasy presentiment that I was one day destined to

"How are you, aunt? Good evening, Cis," I stammered, facing round. "No, I don't know that I followed you exactly; but—I

know that I followed you exactly; but—I am here, you see. How do you like it?"

"We have been here so often, Cis and I," said Lady Nugent, with a little shrug; "but "tis a charming place. And then the flowers are so beautiful, and the music,—I always think there is something in the music, and the lights, and the—ah—dim sound of the waves, that touches one's tenderest feelings."

I was thanked, I say, by a face and voice such as I thought I had never looked upon or heard before, and as I raised my hat and

I believe I muttered internally trap!" but visibly I arsented, with a sickly smile; for you see I was a little afraid of Lady Nugent,—afraid of her at all times, but especially so when she did the senti-

of way, to have her pay upon me.

There was not, and never had been, any silly,—perhaps very silly,—but that was over. At least, I thought so. Six month-ago, however, when I came into my property, and became Nugent of Nugert, my feelings of satisfaction were damp very sudden and unlooked-for manner by my

It is rather a pleasant thing to find yourself a man of property, independent, unfet-tered; the world all before you, and the fu-ture, with its nameless hopes and possibilities, a book just opened, with its brightest bies, a book just opened, with its brightest pages unread. Under such circumstances a young man will dream, and his dreams will be sweet to him. He will not relish, any more than I did, the sudden waking up to find, as it were, a lasse thrown about him, and his fate settled. Not that my aunt had any hold upon me at all in reality, but then she behaved as if she had. Cecile and I were treated with a soit of mysterious pet. were treated with a sort of mysterious pet-ting. It was inferred that there was a secret understanding between us, which must be thinderstanding between us, which must be characteristics, we were not subject to ordinary laws at all. Little tetes-tetes were planned for us; and others besides my aunt soon thegan to take it for granted that it was a the "case," as people say, between us. For myself, no poor doomed creature before a rathers. "case," as people say, between us. For myself, no poor doomed creature before a rattlesnake could have been more helpless. It
may seem weak, but I call any young fellow
of my age and temperament to testify to the
power of a clever woman when she wills a of my age and temperament to testify to the power of a clever woman when she wills a power of a clever woman when she wills a replier thing. As for Cecile, she used to laugh and say, "Poor mamma cannot realize that we have done with our toys, Robert. You don't mind it, do you?" Som "Mind what?" I would ask.

say silly things to prove that I was a man in

eed, and manly.

The worst of all was, that I believe Cecile really cared for me. I could have been very fond of her as a brother, but nothing more. fond of her as a brother, but nothing more. My hand was passive, if hers touched; it; her voice, even when it uttered my own name, sent no thrill through my heart; her presence was comparatively indifferent to me; and yet here I was, drifting dway along the path to which Lady Nugent pointed, making, at times, feeble efforts to break away, but feeling that, eventually, I was doomed.

When the Nugents left London for Scarborough, and my aunt said to me, with un-

borough, and my aunt said to me, with un-pleasant playfulness, "Well, if you don't fol-low us, I shall come back and fetch you," I felt helplessly that she would do as she said, and so I followed. I would rather have gone down to Nugent, quiet as it was, or even have stayed in town to be worried by the lawyers about leases, back ronts, conveyances, and all the rest of it; but I could not,

and there I was,
"Don't you think so?" said my aunt. "Don't I think,—I beg your pardon,"
id. "Don't I think what?"

Lady Nugent tapped me on the shoulder good-humoredly, with a significant half-glance at Cecile.

Moonstruck, Robert ?" said she. "Well, "Moonstruck, Robert?" said she. "Well, come and see us to-morrow. We are at Londesborough Terrace, Providence Villa. Hideous name, isn't it? and not quite the most fashionable part, either. But economy must be considered, you know." Cecile gave me an absent little nod, and two pale kid fingers, and they passed on. I did not offer to join them.

to join them.
Oddly enough, that last phrase of my aunt's lingered with me, and kept repeating itself with a certain pathos, "Economy must be considered, you know." Yes, I did know it. They had very little to live upon. The wonder was how they contrived to live at all, and keep up the appearance they did. After all, was she very much to blame for wishing to secure a comfortable establishment for her daughter? And then I wondered whether it might be possible that, for a certain sum per annum, Lady Nugent a certain sum per annum, Lady Nugent would let me off. And here—the little rows of twinkling gas jets in the bands' pavilion having sprung up long ago, and the chan-delier glittering inside—there came a crash of brass instruments, followed by the softest

and sweetest of Gounod's "Arias."

Ah, well, did it matter much, after all, how my life was settled? Was it worth while struggling about it? All those dreams of mine were myths, -something that comes in the springtide of youth when the imagi nation overflows; something dreamed of in all men's lives, but never realized.

Cocile was fond of me; I had no dislike to er. I would be good to her of course; we might get on as well as other couples Down at Nugent there would be for me the estate to see after, to say nothing of hunting, shooting, and fishing. O, no doubt we might do very well without the enchanted

might do very well without the enchanted light that came only in visions. If I could have had the light, so much the better; but perhaps no one ever did have it in reality.

As I thought thus, something—a little faint cry I thought it was—made me turn sharply to my right. I saw at first only a perambulator, with a pale, childish face looking anxiously over the side, and then I was aware of a dog, a little bigger than a respectable rat, limping about amongst the

spectable rat, limping about amongst the legs that thronged the promenade.

"The wheel has gone over it," said the voice belonging to the childish face. "O, please, Robert!"

I don't know whether I was idiot enough to take this plaintive "Robert" to myself, instead of applying it to the lad who propelied the perambulator; anyhow, I dived at once after the little animal, picked it up and restored it. I was thanked; not by the childish face, but by one bending down over it; a face older, with more color in the checks, with blue-gray eyes, and masses of

her downward walk, and my heart sank.

"Tis jolly up here, isn't it? Enough : make a man wish life was all sea-side

I lay on top of the Castle Cliff with a ciga my mouth, and my friend Charlie Ferrance as perched on the turf beside me, holding his chin in his hands, and looking, to say the truth, rather discontented than otherwise. Why he did so, I didn't know. Below us there was the sea, sleeping in a golden haze, out of which the sails shone like little immovable white dots in the distance. There was not a cloud in the sky; and the sound of was not a cloud in the sky; and the sound of the waves, if indeed it reached us at all, reached us, as Lady Nugent said, "dimly." O, those waves!—the delight of the sun glaueing gold upon them; the pleasure of the walk to the North Cliff, down the wooden eps and among the sand to the machines; the forlorn grandeur of being, as it were, put off to sea, and left there; the white rolls foam dashing themselves again, needs of your machine till it trembles again, wheels of your machine this trembles again, and only the great waste of waters glittering before your open door;—then the plunge that puts life into you, and makes you feel as if you had no body, to speak of,—that is, until breakfast time!

But I couldn't be poetical about all this to Charlie Ferrars up the Castle Cliff, where the merest chance, and where he appeared to me to be doing any where he appeared to me to be doing any thing but enjoying him the life of me, tell why

As for Cecile, she used to laugh and that may make a man desperate. But what down mamma cannot realize that we do you know about debt,—a lucky chap like

Something in his tone made me raise my "Mind what" I would ask.
"Mamma forgets," Cecile would say, looking hard at me, "that while I am a woman, what was the matter with him, I think I

you, being the same age in years, are yet a should have put my arms round his neck boy."

And then I would be piqued, and—well, I blundered.

"Charlie, old boy, there's something wrong," said I. "I've more money than I know what to do with; it would be a

know what to do with; it would be a charity..."

He broke into a constrained sort of laugh.

"Thanks, Bob," said he (I grieve to say that my old school-chums will call me Bob);

"but it isn't that. Sometimes I wish it was. However, never mind. It's odd we didn't meet before, isn't it?"

"Well, yes," said I. "But, you see, the Nugents are here, and my aunt likes attention, and I've been with them a good deal. We steamed over to Filey the other day. Bythe-by, you know them, don't you?"

"A little," he replied.

"A good thought, by Jove," said I. "I'll

"A good thought, by Jove," said I. "I'll ke you to call to-day." "My train starts at 1.30," was the grim re-

"My train starts at 1.30," was the grim response. "Thanks, all the same. I came down for a few days on business; can't spare any more time; and I mustic's stay dawding here any longer, either; so good by, old fellow. Meet you in town some time." I shook hands indifferently enough, and after he was gone, I reproached myself for it. But then I was preoccupied, and impatient of anything that disturbed me. The world had changed with me since the evening I leaned over the sea-wall and wondered what I had come to Scarborough for. The train of thought that had been disturbed then by a stupid little toy terrier seemed very far back in the past now, very absurd and impossible, altogether not worth remembering.

membering.
I don't think my aunt and Cecile knew why
I was so punctual at the evening promenade, nor why, at a certain moment, my attention would wander, in spite of myself, and my steps involuntarily turn in one direction. It was no harm; I only wanted to see her; so I said to myself. There can be nothing wrong in looking at a beautiful picture; and she could never be anything more to me, since was I not already amorphised?

since was I not already appropriated?

The sentence was very bitter to me now; I had lost all my passive submission to my fate. At times, indeed, the elements of strong rebellion rose up within me, and I said to myself that I would be free; but the next moment there would come the consciousness of Lady Nugent's voice in my ear and a pay figuratively more my shoulder. and a paw figuratively upon my shoulder. Meantime, I only wanted to see her, to be from time to time a little nearer to this beautiful, unpainted picture, which there was no harm in looking at, which I saw in my dreams and when I awoke from them, which I never utterly lost, even when Lady Nugent and my cousin were with me. Who was she? Where did she come from? Were her friends rich? I hardly know why, but I thought not; I rather preferred that they should not be. And yet, after all, what could

it matter to me?
This was how I came back with a sigh to the actual position of affairs-to find myself the actual position of analyses—to find myself turning unwillingly from the open promenade into the Spa Concert Room, with my cousin Cecile and Lady Nugent. I dare say the concert was very fine that night: Cecile said it was. I only knew that I had not the least idea what it was all about, and that when everyhely was waiting in intense or. when everybody was waiting in intense ex-pectation for the appearance of the great star of the evening, it suddenly struck me, with a sharp pang, "Suppose they are gone away altogether!" I looked at Lady Nugent; she was calm

and pale, waiting; so was Cecile, so was everybody—waiting as though life depended upon a few shakes and trills, and runs half a upon a rew shakes and trills, and runs half a note higher than any reasonable voice could go. How hot I was!—how suddenly impressed with the nothingness and inconsequence of the whole affair? My picture! my precious, unpainted portrait! if that slipped away from me, I saw, as I had never seen before, how terrible a blank it would leave behind.

"'The close here" I said to Cecile. "away

"Tis close here," I said to Cecile, "awfully close. I wonder how you bear it."
"Is it?" she said. "Perhaps so; but hush, Robert, she is coming on."

"Excuse me for five minutes," I waisper-; "my head aches."

Cecile just looked at me, raised her eyebrows in wonder at my want of taste, but did not speak, and the next moment I was or heard before; and as I raised my hat and frew back, my eyes met Lady Nugent's in the cool salt breeze on my forehead, the stars beginning to come out overhead, and the moon struggling from behind a cloud to throw down a long silver line across the water to its edge; and there, near the little pavilion, which had no band in it to-night. I saw the perambulator, the same la saw the perambulator, the same lad pro-pelling it, my picture, and close beside her, tall, black-coated, spectacled-I drew a long

> The stars seemed to have come down, and got into my eyes; the lamps danced into each other, like will-o'-the-wisps gone mad; and the few occupiers of the seat under the colonnade became a confused mass of dingy color. In another moment I was shaking hands vigorously with the Rev. Richard Penryn, Vicar of Nugent, blessing my memory, which never lost a face once seen, and explaining to explaining to the perplexed clergyman my claims upon his recollection. "To be sure," he said at last; "our new

> squire. I'm stupid and near-sighted, and I didn't remember you at all. And when are we to have the pleasure,—but I forgot. Mr.

Nugent, this is my daughter, Constance, and this poor little weaking—"

"You are very rude, papa," broke in the childish voice I remembered so well. "I am to a weaking." not a weakling. I'm strong enough now, if Constance would let me walk, but she won't. And I know Mr. Nugent quite well; he picked up Topsy for me. My name is Letty, Mr. Nugent, and papa has no right to call me Gypsy, as I dare say you'll hear him do."

There was a laugh at this long speech. I

don't very well know whether I jo not. I don't know indeed exactly did, or said, or thought, or how the time went. I know that once Mr. Penryn said something about the bay, that we tu look at it; and that far away, a black spot ripple of moonlight, the man's boat with a single light in gleamed red against the silver. We could even see the fisherman in his boat, motionless; and it seemed to me as if in this also had got into my picture, and I could

never forget it. "It is so quiet here," said the vioar's daughter, in answer to my stupid remark

"Then you don't care for a gay prome-nade?" said I. "Indeed but I do," she replied. "I like the music and the lights, and to look at all

the music and the lights, and so love at all the people—"
"And the gossamer dresses," put in the vicar. "'Tis a fine place for that sort of thing, which we don't get much of down at Nugent. We are a little out of the world down there, eh, Constance?"

Out of the world! Somehow there came upon me a rustling of soft wind amongst the Nugent beeches; the sun shining over a green lawn; lights and shadows over distant woods; a river, and blue hills beyond. Here was a setting for my picture.

was a setting for my picture.
"I think I should like to be out of the

was a setting for my picture.

"I think I should like to be out of the world," I said. "At least I mean to go down to Nugent as soon as,—that is, you are not going home yet, Mr. Penryn?"

"Not to Nugent," said the vicar, "but to the North Cliff. Terribly unfashionable, I suppose, but it is better for the gypsy here; and besides 'tis less expensive. There is a concert in there, I believe," he added, stopping suddenly. "Some one told us so."

The words roused me into a guilty consciousness that my five minutes had grown into half an hour, if not more.

"I am obliged to go," I said, hurriedly. "But I know no one in Scarborough; that is, scarcely any one. It would be a charity if—May I call upon you to-morrow?"

"And welcome," replied the vicar, calmly, "if you will take the trouble. Here is the address. Good night."

"What have you been doing?" asked Lady.

address. Good night."
"What have you been doing?" asked Lady
Nugent, as I took my place. "You look as
if you had seen a ghost."

if you had seen a ghost."

They were both looking at me curiously—
Lady Nugent slightly unquiet and searching;

and a spirit of malice came upon me.

"I have just met with the Vicar of Nugent and his daughters," I retorted, bravely.

"We walked about under the lamps, and I suppose I'm dazzled a bit; that's all."

# III.

I was holding silk for Constance Penry to wind; Gypsy was dressing up Topsy in a red shawl, much to his discomfort, and Mr. Penryn wrote or tried to write at a side

"I don't believe it, sir," said Letty. "I "I don't believe it, sir," said Letty. "I don't believe (be quiet, Top!) that you ever wound slik before in your life; and I dare say it won't be fit to use. But you are so conceited. You know you thought I meant you when I called Robert to pick up Topsy. You think everybody must be thinking of you."

you."
I laughed, and the vicar just murmured a word or two of remonstrance; but he was

You see it had come to this with me. Lady Nugent never knew where my mornings were spent. She was suspicious, I knew. She would have watched me if she could, but that was not possible; and in this case I was a match for her cross-ques-

"Wait till we get to Nugent," I said to the small owner of the red shawl. "We

the small owner of the red shawl. "We shall see if you dare to call me names there, where 'I am monarch of all I survey."

"Of course I shall," she replied. And you won't be monarch of all you survey, either. But, Mr. Nugent,—by the way, I have a great mind to call you Robert."

"Do," said I.

"It would be fun," said she. "What would they think at Nugent? You really mean to come there?"

mean to come there?"
"Certainly," I replied.
"For good?" she asked.
"Well," said I, "I hope not for very

"You know what I mean, sir," said Letty

old housekeep

"Mrs. Crane is not a cross old housekeeper," said Letty, indignantly. "She's a beautiful old lady, in black silk. Isn't it nice always to wear black silk?—and a white "She's a you lace cap ? She's a great deal more dignified

"Very likely," said I. "I'll tell you what more you shall do at Nugent. Should you

more you shall do at Nugent. Should you like to go on the river in a boat?"
"I should think so,—rather," said Letty.
"Very well," said I, "I'll have one built—a real 'clipper;' and there shall be crimson cushions for it; and we'll call it The Gypsy, in honor of you. What do you say?"

Letty had come up close to me by this time, and was looking at me with an eager-ness that had something almost painful in it, while the poor little terrier stared wist-fully out of his crimson wrapper, and ut-

ed a faint yelp of remonstrance.

You are choking him, Gyp," said Con-

tance.

'That shows how much you know about
t." was the retort. 'But, Mr. Nugent, do
not mean it really?"

'Yes, really," I replied.
'Then I'll tell you what," said Letty;
'you are the very nicest man I ever knew.
Still we get as far as the old Priory, do you
hink, and Norven Wood?"

think, and Norven Wood?"
"I don't see why not," I replied.
"And Constance there never says a word," continued Letty. "But perhaps you don't mean to take h

Involuntarily I looked at the face opposite ; and somehow the silk got tangled. to give it up from my clumsy fingers, to a few stupid words of apology, and then to find by my watch that it was time to go. "And I haven't heard half about the bronzes, Gypey, nor about the yellow drawing-room at the Hall that you are to help me to alter," said I. "Never mind; I shall see you the interior to be a start of the said in the said i

see you to-night." That's no use, even if we go," retorted Letty, promptly: "which, perhaps, we shall mind respecting us. Must I speak plainer?" not do. You will be with Lady Nugent and your cousin, then. I wonder if you are "Well then, Robert," she continued, "I

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that I had hardly expected to see them very fond of Miss Nugent. I know papa don't think you have dealt quite fairly by

thinks—"
"Letty," called out the vicar, rather sharply, "you are an incorrigible chatter-box; I shall have to shut you up. Going. Mr. Nugent? Good-by. We shall see you soon, perhaps, down at the Hall."
"The Hall?" said I. "You are not going herea?"

"Yes, to-morrow," he replied. "I have been three Sundays away already; and this gypsy of mine is getting all right now; so there's no excuse for staying. Good-by."

I went away with a strange sort of sensa-tion of having the ground cut from under my feet, thoroughly bewildered and miser-able. Hitherto I had been in a dream, cheat-ing myself from time to time into a belief that it was real; now I had got to wake up. I knew that I was going to Providence Villa, and should need all my self-possession. And yet behind me lay the romance, the very existence of which I had perguaded myself only a month ago was a myth; be fore me

I tried to think it out. I could see again I tried to think it out. I could see again the eager little face,—not so pinched now as it was when I saw it first—and hear the childish voice say, "I wonder if you are very fond of her. I know papa thinks—"
What was it that the vicar thought? Did Constance know? Did she think it too? And, if so, how did it affect her? I began to form desperate resolutions in writing.

to form desperate resolutions in my impa-tience. Because I had been foolish and weak once, there was surely no necessity that my whole life should be sacrificed. that my whole life should be sacrificed.

Lady Nugent was nothing to me in such a case as this. A little while ago, it is true, I had suffered myself to drift sluggishly en in the way she wished me to drift; but I was ignorant then. I knew better now.

Things were altogether different with me. I would brave my aunt; I would tell Cecile—

cilc—his point I stopped. The face of my cousin came and looked at me from beside that other one in my unpainted picture. It was not exactly like it used to be; it had a worn look, an absent, worried expression in the eyes; and her manner to me was changed. It was impatient and pettish. In spite of my preoccupation I had noticed this, and wondered. What if Cecile did care for me after all in real earnest!

It was useless to say to myself, "I can't

help it; it is not my fault;" because to a certain extent it was my fault. Lady Nugent had paraded us before the world as lovers, and I had idly accepted the position. I was

As I rang the bell at Providence Villa, felt in myself that I was wretched; and I felt also that, from a woman like my aunt, no quarter was to be expected. I felt this still more strongly when I went into the drawing room and saw her sitting in a chair at the window, with her work fallen idly

upon her lap.

Lady Nugent was too busy a woman to like idleness; something her fingers must do to keep up a sort of accompaniment to the thoughts which she was forever turning over in her brain. It was ominous, therefore, to see her this evening with those same rapid fingers tightly interlaced, while the lips that opened to speak to me scemed thinner and

sterner than ever.

"You are come to walk with us, Robert, I suppose?" said she. "It is early yet; but, perhaps, Cecile will not go; and if so, I shall not leave her."

"Not go?" I stammered. "Why?"
"She has a headache," replied my aunt, briefly.
"I am sorry," said I. "Cis is not given

to headaches."

"No, she is not; but Cecile has not been well lately; something is wrong. I don't know whether you know what it is," said my aunt, severely; "but I do not. You might have noticed her paleness; but I dare say you haven't. I suppose a mother's eye is the keenest, although one would have thought—"
She broke off abruptly, still looking at me with a sext of contemptance agreeticing and

"You know what I mean, sir," said Letty
—"to settle down."

"Yes, to settle down." said I.

"We want a resident squire dreadfully," said the young lady, with great gravity;
"paps says so; but then papa has an eye to subscriptions, and flannel, and good stuff of all sorts for the poor people. Now I (observe the difference!) simply think that perhaps you will let me go into the park whenever I like, just as if it were my own."

"Exactly," said I.

"And all over the picture-gallery," she continued, "and the drawing-rooms, and."

"To the very store-rooms, if you like, in
spite of cross old housekeepers," I eximply the next of the property of the picture of the p only, if you can persuade Cecile to go out to-night, instead of moping at home, I think it would be better for her. It is useless for me to speak, I know; but she will listen to

> This was pleasant. I heard the retreating footsteps, and could have stamped my own foot at them in despair. I had a horrible conviction that a crisis must come-nay, had come already; and how was I to meet it? If I could have gone up to Cecile, and spoken to her calmly; if I could have said, "Let all this farce be ended; I do not love you; I never did love you, except as a brother might love his sister!" But then I could not do this. If she cared for me, it would be brutal

I heard Cecile come in and close the deor. and I coufess that my heart beat uncomfort-

Robert." said she I turned round with as good an affectation of carelessness as I could command, but broke down into an impulsive exclamation when I saw her.
"Why, Cis," said I, "you have been

crying She tried a retort, but it was rather a

failure. " Von have been erving " I reneated, "and I don't believe you are well. We are cousins, you know, Cis. Is there anything I can help

Yes, there is," she replied: "I want to speak to you. Robert. We have friends always, haven't we?" "To be sure we have," said I. We have been good

"I want to be good friends still," said Ce cile. "I want you to promise that you will think none the worse of me for what I am

going to say."
"I think," I said, gravely, "that you can have nothing to tell which would lessen my respect for you."
"Thanks," said Cecile. "It is about myself. We are neither of us blind, Robert

though we have been acting as if we thought what has been, and what is, in my mother's

"I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to Charlie Ferrars. Do you think that while you are acting as you do now, mamma will listen to one word about him."

In the new light that dawned upon me. I think I was never falling in love with Cacile.

In the new light that dawned upon me, I think I was nearer falling in love with Cecile than ever I had been in my life.

"Charlie Ferrars!" I cried; "and he came down here to plead his cause with my aunt; and she told him she had other views for you, eh? Wouldn't let him see you, perhaps; so that was why he had an idea of throwing himself over the Castle Cliff. I see it all. Oh, Cis!"

"You are not yexed with me?" said Cecile.

it all. Oh, Cis!"

"You are not vexed with me?" said Cecile.

"Vexed!" said I. "If you could only know what it is to me! So I am to draw back for Charlie, and all the onus is to fall upon me? I am to pretend that I won't have you?"
"Robert!" she exclaimed.

"Do you really love him, Cis?" said I. "He is the best fellow in the world."

I began searching about for my hat, which was in my left hand all the time.
"What are you doing, Robert?" she asked.
"I thought you would help me."

"So I mean to-so I will," I replied. "Go to the promenade, Cis; you must. Tell my aunt I am to meet you. I will do that any-

annt I am to meet you. I will do that anyhow; ouly don't keep me now."

In less than half an hour I was out on the
balcony of Mr. Penryn's lodging, and Constance was with me—very close to me; I
might even confess that my arm was round
her. And casual passers-by could look up
if they chose; they could see nothing for her. And casual passers-by count look up-if they chose; they could see nothing for the heavy curtain over the window behind us. Even if they could have seen, I don't think, in my then state of mind, that I should

think, in my then state of mind, that I should have cared; and Constance was saying, "But you never mean that? You could not have had the heart to stay away from Nugent."

"But I should, though," said I. "If you had said anything else, I would never have gone near the place. Are you sure that I am quite awake—that 't is a real 'you' I have here, or only a dream?"

"Do I look like a dream?" she asked.

"Yes you do your "I realied. "I can

"Yes, you do, very," I replied. "I can hardly believe you are not one. Why do you move away? I don't want to go. I am content. The world has been very good to me to-night.

"But, Robert, you said—"
"Ah, poor Cecile!" said I. "And you won't mind helping her, for my sake? Come,

Once more under the lamps on the pro-menade. The band was playing, the seats under the colonade were full, and, passing along by the sea-wall. I saw the fisherman's boat in the ripple of the moonlight, just as though he had never stirred from his om his post, And there, but stayed there to see the end. And there, among the upward stream of people came my aunt and Cecile, Lady Nugent, pale, stern, displeased; Cecile with her head bent down. My heart gave me one great throb of anticipation; then I drew the little hand within my arm tighter, and went forward boldly. I saw my aunt's eye fall upon me— upon us, rather. I saw the little start which she could not repress, the sudden, haughty questioning, and drawing herself up. Then

Aunt," said I, "let me introduce Miss Penryn, the daughter of our vicar at Constance, this is Lady Nugent, my gent

The color that was so soldom there, flashed red over Lady Nugent's cheeks; one single withering look fell upon me, and then all sign of emotion was gone, and she was making her little cold, matter of fact speech to my future wife—accepting the position. She as a clever woman. But, better than this. was a clever woman. But, better than this, I had caught a glance from Cecile, strangely bright. I had seen the hand-clasp with which she greeted Con-tance, and vague pictures of future meetings at Nugent for us all began to thit before me. I might have tried to catch what the two girls were talk ing about; but I was busy giving my aunt a summary of Charlie Ferrars's prospects, which grew very fair under my handling, and claiming my right, as Cecile's nearest male relative, of giving to her a marriage

Perhaps Cecile heard Charlie's name, and was wicked enough to listen. I don't know. At any rate, when I bade them good night, and good-by—for of course I was going to Nuger, with the Penryas—Cecile lingered a question: little behind the others, and came up close

to me "Good-by, and God bless you, Robert,"
and she. "If I said anything hard to you
his evening, forget it. I hope you'll be as happy as I am.

chough we have been acting as it we thought as the deach other so. You know as well as I do what has been, and what is, in my mother's mind respecting us. Must I speak plainer?"

"No." said I.
"Well then, Robert," she continued, "I subsequently rectifying the product.

## Female Spics.

don't think you have dealt quite fairly by me."

I felt as if a big hand was rising up behind the airy castle I had been building only an hour ago, but I did not answer.

"You know you never cared for me," she said; "at least in that sort of way. If you will not speak, Robert, I must."

The hand got nearer and bigger.

"But you have behaved as if you cared," she continued. "You have led mamma on to believe that things were turning as she wished them to turn. By fits and starts, in a languid sort of way, you have ried to make me care for you, Robert; you cannot deny it."

A sparkle of excitement had risen to her eye, and the traces of tears were all gone.

"Well, Cis—"

"Don't say anything yet," she interrupted. "I repeat, you have not dealt fairly by me. A girl cannot refuse or accept a man until he has offered himself, can she? In plain words, you would neither retreat not come forward, and what was I to do? If ever I seemed to draw you on—"

"Which pour did," said I.

"Which perhaps I did," said Cecile. "I cannot tell. If I did, it was in order that you might ask for your answer, and get it, Robert. You have made me very unhappy, Robert."

I felt my heart leap up into my throat, and my brain grow hot. What was coming next? "Now, for the truth," said Cecile. "Stop one moment, Cecile," said I. "Let me tell you."

"I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to heart while said Cecile. "I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to heart while said ceries or senses, and as she was a favorite on the line truthus and the line to the letter, and the result was a great sense." In how for the truth, "said Cecile." Stop one moment, Cecile, "said I. "Let me tell you."

"I will let you tell me nothing yet," she interrupted. "Robert, I am engaged to heart while said ceries. The programme was carried out to the letter, and the result was a great sense. In the line to the line in their bewilderment could scarcely believe their cars, eyes or senses, and as she The Union females frequently made incur or senses, and as she was a favorite on the Louisville boards, the sympathy for the sup-posed rash young lady was deep and carneat, although her friends were powerleas to help her, or save their pet from the impending

On the following day this incident (not set on the following day this incident (not set down in the programme,) was the topic of conversation, and many were the expressions of sympathy for this act of madness in the very teeth of the blue-coats and bristling bayonets. It will be recollected that at that bayonets. It will be recollected that at that time the theatres were under the supervi-sion of a provost guard, who were ready to "snatch" the first one who committed, by act or word a breach of loyalty. The news-papers recorded the arrest of the fair actress, and in due time it was announced that she was to be sent through the lines for disloyalty to the government. This was considered a lenient sentence, but it was generally supposed that she was deemed a monomanine, by the military nuthorities. Of course, no persons but himself and two or three of the military were supposed to be in the secret, or had any idea that it was all

premeditated on their part.

When the day for her departure arrived, when the day for her departure arrived, she was conducted to the outposts with the usual baggage allowed in such cases in which were stowed away copies of the papers containing necounts of the affair. The grards who conducted her to the line of Dixie were no doubt in total ignorance of the fact that she was on her wiscing as the fact that she was on her mission as a

Federal spy.

The ruse succeeded admirably, and she had scarcely penetrated the Confederate lines until the much-abused young lady was received with open arms by a detachment of the "Conpart" of their cause. the "enemy" as a martyr to their cause. Her career in the South with the armies of Generals Bragg, Morgan and others, and her triumphant reception on the Richmond boards as the persecuted actress of the North, together with her subsequent detec-tion, conviction, and sentence of death as a tion, conviction, and sentence of death as a Federal spy, are all matters of yellow-covered history. She was rescued from prison at the fall of Murfreesboro', when the Federals took possession, and sent to Nashville, where she had a big reception and received some handsoms presents from those who appreciated her trials and faithfulness to the Union cause. The government afterward commissioned her as a major, and for aught we know she wears the rank to-day and receives pay, though we have not heard of her ever having been assigned to the command over having been assigned to the command of any department. The last account we had of her she was one of the attractions at a New York theatre. Here ended the first chapter of the operations of Federal spies in this city during the war.—Louisville Courier.

# An Elephant Story.

An elephant dealer, by name Buxoo, was travelling from Sylhet to Northern India with a string of elephants for sale. When he arrived at Hurdwarf, where the Gange flows down from the mountains into the plains of Hindostan, it was the time of the great " meta." or annual fair, when the His doos come in myriads to bathe in their sacred stream. This is the time when elephant merchants from the South, horse-dealers from Cabol, Cutch and Katwar, the sellers camels from Central India, and bullockdrivers from Hissar and Delhi, bring their

animals for sale.

Buxoo soon found customers for five out of six of his animals. The sixth, for some reasons best known to Buxoo and others skilled in elephants, remained unsold. last and greatest day of the fair came, and our merchant was in a state of the utmost anxiety lest he should have this one elephant left upon his hands. when the fair became busy up came a vil lager, who began a close investigation of the elephant. Buxoo became more than ever

uneasy. "Soono Bhai," said he; that is, "fisten my brother. I can see you are a judge of elephants. Now, say nothing to hinder the sale of mine; I mean to ask only five hun-dred rupees, and you shall have fifty for yourself

The villager assented. Presently a pur chaser was found, and the fifty rupees honestly paid over to this "judge of elephants." As he was quietly putting the fifty rupees into the folds of his cummerbund, waist-cloth./ Baxoo put the following

"Tell me friend, by what art you found out that there was anything amiss with my elephant? I thought I had got him up well

for sale "sir," said the judge of elephants, put-ting a finishing hitch to the knot which held his rupees, "to tell you the truth this is the first elephant I ever saw, and I was trying to find out which was his head and which was his tail!"

When a sportsman fires into a covey partridges he makes them all quail

# "WHOM I LOVED THE BEST."

Brothers five under one roof tree-Trusty, loving, and blythe were we For many a year. But there came the days, When the brothers must go on their parted

ways; Some to the east, some to the west— So young birds fly from their mother's nest! Now and again still I meet the rest; But the winds are aweeping from east to

Over his grave whom I leved the best!

Once I could beast of a treep of friends A broken circle when fond youth ends! Love and ambition men's hearts divide-Their wills are restless, the world is wide. East and west and south and north, To life's grim battle the friends went test. Now and again still I meet the rest; But the wayes are rolling from east to we Over his grave whom I loved the best!

Among a bevy of maidens gay
I flung my youth's fairy wealth away.
Blonde or brunette, they all seemed fair—
One had an angel's golden hair!
Lovers wood them from north and south—
There's many a sin between consumptions. There's many a slip betwixt cup and mouth! Wedded, widowed, I meet the rest; But the stars are sailing from cast to west, Over her grave whom I leved the best! EVELYN FOREST.

# MARRIED WELL.

# CHAPTER X.

COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING. COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.
Mrs. Platt could not stay to dinner at the
Grimshaws', and so Nelly's first evening was
a great trial. She made progress with Mr.
Grimshaw, but in the same proportion she
fell out of Mrs. Grimshaw's good graces.
Mrs. Grimshaw had been in the habit of
reading the Times every evening to her
spouse: shq didn't like it; but still, when
Nelly had volunteered to take her place, and
had read so fluently, and musically, and distinctly that old Grimshaw expressed his delight, and his determination never to listen had read so fluority, and musically, and distinctly that old Grimshaw expressed his delight, and his determination never to listen to anybody clae's reading, if he could help it, Mrs. Grimshaw felt towards Nelly a pang of envy which is akin to hatred, which takes very nasty forms with women. However, Nelly retired to rest unconscious of her offence. She pondered a while before she get into bed; she let fall a few toars as she thought of old times and old friends, amongst whom George Ewart was conspicuous; and she took from her dressing-case a short note, which ran—"One whom circumstances will not allow to utter all he feels, begs Miss Finch to accept the tribute of his heartfelt sympathy. More he knows he ought not to say; but he trusts Miss Finch will bear with him if he prays her to read the motto on the seal of this note, and to believe that the words will describe the writer.

J. F."

The motto was Senger idem, which Nelly had learned meant. "Always the saws the saws."

words will describe the writer. J. P."

The motto was Semper idem, which Nelly had learned meant "Always the same."

"Poor fellow!" she sighed, as she replaced the note; "and a week afterwards he had left England." Then she lay down to sleep, and dreamed of the night of that fatal fire. She went through every incident that had happened, and once more she held with happened, and once more she held with Fortress the conversation of which Ewart had heard the conclusion; and this was the

fashion of it.

Fortress. I leave England in a few days,
Miss Finch, to join my regiment.

N'dy. Ah! you were telling me something
about that the other night, when—when—
Fortress. When you refused to hear me out, and said you thought I must have been acting characles until the dialogue crept into my ordinary conversation

Nelly. Oh, pray forgive me; I know I was rude; but—but—

rude; but—but—
Fortress. But you would not listen to me.
Will you listen now?
Nolly (earnestly). It would be better not,
Mr. Fortress.—it would indeed.
Fortress. If you will only listen, I will take
my chance. Indeed, I must speak, for my
future depends upon it. You have eyes, and
must have seen that I love you, but it is necessary you should hear with your ears that
it is so.—And now that you have heard, will
you have pity? Will you say you do not reject my love? Will you share the fortunes
of a poor subaltern? Will you go with me
to India? or at least send me out with the
certainty that some day I may call you my certainty that some day I may call you my

darling wife?

Nelly (lifting her head, which had been buried in her hands). Mr. Fortress, you can see how distressed I am, and I told you it

would be better not to speak.

Fortress There are times when a man must speak, and I have spoken. It is true I am only a poor subsitern, but I have some private means; and in India. Fortress, do not

Nelly. Pray, pray, Mr. Fortress, do not talk in that strain. I feel that in all respects, as the world generally thinks, you do too much sonor to a poor girl like me; but Fortree. I am personally hateful to you.

Nelly. Oh, no, no, no. You have many
gifts, which every girl must appreciate, and
to which it would not become me to allude

by which it would not become me to allude gore particularly; you have many qualities which I rate very, very highly; you are generous, I know; you are brave, I have heard; but I have also heard.—Oh, pray excuse me, Mr. Fortress—I cannot go on.

Fortress (ironically). Having, from know dge or hearsay, enumerated my merits, you really ought, Miss Finch, in justification my treatment at your hands, at least of my defects. May I press Nelly If you really wish it. I will ask you

some plain questions, and you will, I need not fear, answer them like the frank, truthful gentleman you are known to be Fartress. Pray commence, Miss Finch: I am on my honor, which is binding as an eath.

Nelly. Are you a gambler?
Fortress. Yes; that is to say, I have lost a great deal of money by gambling; and I still

occasionally gamble Nelly. Are you an infidel? Fortress. No; but I am bound to admit I have given some grounds for the accusation.

Nelly. Were you expelled from college?

Fortress (sadly). Yes. That is, I was sent

away for a time, and never went back.

Nelly, Will you tell me what for?

Fortress (gloomily), Miss Finch, I could not; it would not be right that you should

Nelly (flushing). You mean that you dare not, considering my sex and youth, allude to the subject?

Fortress. So much I acknowledge; but ! assure you, nevertheless, that you labor under a mistake. (She had this story from oman, that's quite clear, thought he.

a woman, that's quite clear, thought he. Nelly. Enough, Mr. Fortress; you have re-plied to my questions as straightforwardly as I knew you would. And now, oh, forgive me when I say that I could not trust my me when I say that I could not trust my happiness with one who is or has been a gambler, is not unjustly termed an infidel, was expelled from his college, and cannot, without a breach of the respect due to a lady, tell me why. Besides—excuse me if I appear to put a slight on a noble profession—I admire but dread the army.

Marters inspressionally, Perhams you prefer

Mortress (surcustically). Perhaps you prefer church?

the church?

Nelly (sententiously).

Fortress (tronically). Men do leave the army, and take orders.

better of me if I did?

Nelly (pale but calm). No; I could not think better of you than I do. I could never give you any other answer than I have given

Fartress. Never? Could you never marry

Nelly. Never. Fortress. Then to-night I must say good bye for ever; and may God bless you and

and me
So Nelly slept, and dreamed, and started up at the sight (as it seemed) of Wadsworth House in flames; but it was the glorious sun threach the window of her little streaming through the window room in her new home at the Grimshaws'. In a few minutes, she realized everything; and with a sigh and a shudder, she rose up to dress; and an unspoken question haunted her as she dressed: "When would she see her as she dressed: "When would she see George Ewart again?" He had not been to the Platts' for some time before she left; he had made a very good bargain (as he told his college friends) for a living (the holder of which had nearly nine toes in the grave); and he had commenced the "fling" he had considered advisable for a young man who would soon have to warn others against the devil, the world, and the flesh.

Of all this, Nelly of course knew and

The night had not been passed by the Grimshaws without speech. Avarice, from beneath a tasselled night-cap, had said: "She's very cheap at twenty pounds a year;" and a voice from the recesses of a frilled night-cap had echoed: "At twenty pounds "But she's as likely as not to marry well;" and the second voice had echoed "well" with an interrogative tone, which seemed to imply that the echo would willingly have added: "What if she does?" Whereupon short silence, succeeded by ster-Then the first voice had muttered there was a short silence, succeeded by ster torous noises from beneath the tasselled night-cap, promptly echoed from the re-cesses of the frilled night-cap.

EFSSRE, EWART, WHISKEYBOTTLE, & CO. George Ewart, whatever qualities he might lack (and it will, perhaps, hereafter strike respected readers—if they have not already come to that conclusion—that he had his im-perfections,) was certainly not wanting in deermination, prudence, and calculation. His worst friend would not have denied that "old Ewart" was a "determined dog," and "kept himself well in band," and bad "a deuced good notion of the main chance." He was, as has been remarked, of the gene rous nature which purchases freely on credit, but that was only to save present trouble, and he took care never to be so far "dipped" as to be in his creditors' power. He had managed to keep concealed from his friends that he had been requested by the college authat he had been requested by the college authorities to try the effect during a few terms of rustication away from his university undeed, he had been implicated, though Nelly had never heard of that, in the matter which had weighed heavily against Fortress, and weighed heavily against Fortress, and weighed heavily against Fortress, and the internal effort and external surroundings which was sure, sooner or later, to betray him.

In this manner, George Ewart went on until the time came for his final examination and eigendance of man to be placked. He took his "ting," therefore, with much deliberation and eigendance or twice, and he cure of souls. One of the steps he met Nelly once or twice, and he even managed to call with Mrs. Platt more than managed to call with Mrs. Platt more than checkered, for, though he received tolerably satisfactory certificates from the majority of the story of the ward it off. So the fatigues the internal effort and external surroundings that the internal effort and external surroundings conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued to such a conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued to such a conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued to such a conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued to such a conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued to such a conspire to ward it off. pay occasional visits to the Platts," where he man visits to the Platts, where he man managed to call with Mrs. Platt more than the Grimshaws, where he dined satisfact satisfact with the coll once at the Grimshaws, where he dined once, and so pleased old Grimshaw with startling anecdotes over the after-dinner wine) about certain frightful diseases to which the hypochondrus fancied himself to as they went up to the draw be liable, that as they went up to the draw-ing-room, old Grimchaw said. "I should like to have another opportu-

nity of talking to you. Wr. Ewart, about that case of rheumatism in the heel, and I hope you will now consider yourself sufficiently equainted with us to call whenever you are

So Ewart flattered himself hat he was managing matter very adreitly: hawas hav-ing his "fling," and at the same times keep-ing straight" (as his phrase was) with his think that the effects of a upon experienced matrons like Mrs. Platt, or

see with half an eye that he is not so steady as he ought to be; a young man does not look and behave as he does when he is. I shouldn't wonder if he were not to take orders after all." But she did not know her man; he had bought his living, and he had no notion of relinquishing his bargain. The fling" had another effect upon Ewart, which showed itself after he returned to college in October and prepared seriously to read for his degree. His immediate neighbors were frequently startled at night by hearing from Ewart's room, when his "cak" had been tong "sported," and when he was supposed to be in bed and naleep, shouts, shricks, and tumbles, and what sounded like a dialogue between two angry persons. Once Johnson battered and thundered at Ewart's door un til the latter came and inquired through the six in the "oak" who was there, and what was wanted. His voice was thick, his tone sullen, his feet pattered about in a singular

manner, his light awayed, and to Johnson's

Is anything the matter, old fellow?" he

answered, roughly.

"Matter? No Go to bed, do—and leave—a fellow—alone." He seemed to have great difficulty in getting out his words, which he uttered with much slowness and solemnity. and then retreated, swearing with some volubility. He was always bright and fresh in the mornings (for he had a wonderful constitution;) he regularly took his "paddle" down the river; he was particularly abstemious at "wine;" he did his reading systematically; smoked a pipe with a friend when it was over; retired to rest (as he said) early, and about an hour afterwards, there proceeded from his rooms a succession of diaceeded from his rooms a succession of dia-bolical noises. His "gyp" was questioned; but Philip knew that speech is silvern, si lence is golden." Other "gyps" tattled about the doings of their "gentlemen," and received extra half-crowns at the end or in received extra half-crowns at the end or in the middle of term. Philip, though eloquent upon the subject of "osses" and things in general, was dumb as the grave about the affairs of his "own gen'l'man," and could have shown many a half-sovereign in sup-port of the truth of his favorite proverb. Bedmakers, however, being of a gender which renders it impossible for them (poor thines) old ugly, avaricious, and even wilthings.) old, ugly, avaricious, and even wil-ling as they may be to reap the golden har-vest which falls to the let of the silent, let nature have its way, and jabber freely one with another under cloisters, on staircases, up alleys, and in mysterious passages. It is true they talk often in riddles, but some rid lles are not so difficult to guess as others When, therefore, Jenkins, who was an ec-centric man, and loved to smoke pipes in singular nooks and corners, was one day indulging his fancy as he sat perched upon a window-sill, and hidden from view of per-sons on the inside of the window by the plentiful ivy, he overheard the following conversation between Ewart's bedmaker and Says the latter, with a chuckle:

"So Mr. E. 'ave been at it agin; I 'eard em a-talkin' about it at Mr. J. 's this mornin'. They think he must 'ave somebody 'id in 'is oms ha! ha!"
"Ha! ha! 'im and 'is friend 'ad a night

of it last night; I found 'em a lyin' on the th-rug together this mornin'."
What! 'im and Mr. Whiskeybottle?" "Yes; 'e was 'oldin' 'im tight round the neck; and there was the lamp smashed close

to 'cm. I suppose they got quarrellin'-Ha! ha! And it's nothink but Mr.

Whiskeybottle Nothink at all. When 'em two gets to

when ein two gets to-gether, they don't part easy, I know. And you may depend upon it Mr. Whiskeybottle will be one too many for Mr. E. some day." Putting together what he had overheard rutting together what he had overheard and what Johnson had told him, Jenkins and his friends hit upon the true solution of the puzzle. Ewart's "fling" had affected him in a manner which is said to be not unusual. It had brought him into a state of mind and body, and especially nerves, such as is toler-able enough (for the young and strong) so long as daylight and company or occupation are to be had, but is insupportable (without stimulant) when night, and solitude, and re-action come on; so Ewart took stimulants; and his was an organization over which stimulants exercise irresistible influence. So long as there was the presence of anybody to restrain him and occupy his attention, his ab stemiousness was remarkable; but it was the abstemiousness of a nature which shrink from exposure, and is distrustful of itself As his bedmaker truly said, when he and Mr Whiskybottle got alone together, they were not easily parted; and he would throw of his proud reserve, and shout, and shrick, and laugh, and talk freely to his companion with the enlivening powers, but with no eye to see, or ear to hear, or tongue to tell—and yet with a mute sign-language

positions, uninfluenced by private connection, enabled me to know him, for something the five years; and during that long period, I never heard of one action of his life, or noticed one trait of his character, which would justify me in recommending him for the office of a Christian minister

CHARLES MURRIMAN, D.D., Master.

This strong evidence of his devotion to the college chapel, Christian charity, and general worth, George Ewart was far too diffident to low to his friends, but confided to the safe wrong with George Ewart.
"I don't pretend to know exselly what it is," Mrs. Platt said; "but depend upon it, my dear, all is not as it should be. I could see with half an eye that he is not so steems, as he ought to be.

Tickner & Fields, on the authority of a cable dispatch, that Charles Dickens will arrive in this country in November, and begin his readings from his own words, in the principal of the country in the country in the principal of the country in the countr A diamond in the rough state was found at Camden, Miss., during the war, but at the time was considered of no value. Since then it has been examined, and in the

# Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. E. GLEASON, M. D.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep Who, like the world, his ready visit pays Where fortune smiles; the wretched he for-

sakes; Swift on his downy pinion flies from woc. Swift on his downy pulse.

And lights on lids unsuited by a tear."

-Young.

Ladies-As we have had in this series much of Work, a little of Rest, and some-what of Society, it seems time for some Sleep. Women are supposed to be most largely endowed with the soothing elements. Hence, among the household divinities, the wife should be as the goddess of sleep, giving everyone their portion in due season, or, at least, so ordering the ways of her household as will best conduce to this happy result. The peace and prosperity of every family depends largely upon each member having the requisite amount of sleep. Hen-the lady of the house should look after allfrom master to servant, from mistress to maid, from the youngest child to the grown-up lads and misses—with reference to this all-important point: that is, do they sleep long and well. The mother often says, by way of excuse: "The baby is cross for want of a nap." The same apology might often well be made for children of larger growth; they, too, are often so tired they can't be good, and still do not know that it is sleep they need. During the early years of our work in the invalid world, I was impressed that much irritability and multiplied infirmi-ties were induced by lack of sufficient sleep, and so gave to "The Water Cure Journal my thoughts on this subject. Subsequent observation has confirmed those early opinons, and so what I have to say now in substance what I then said. take a physiological view of our sleepy subject. Our bodies have two classes of func tions, called the animal and the nutritive. The former-sometimes called those of relation-connect us with the world about us, and tire by use, by activity, and hence the need of that temporary suspension of action which we call sleep. Thus the mind, muscles, ve, ear, and indeed every sense, every vol power, must have its period of rest that the system may repair its waste of nervous force induced by their action. The nutritive functions continue their work from heginning to end of life with little variation. Or, in other words, the involuntary forces of our bodies go on, with but slight modification, both when we wake and when we sleep year in and year out. To illustrate: The heart keeps up its steady tick tack by night and day, like a true time-keeper, to the end of our pilgrimage, even if it is foursoore of our pilgrimage, even if it is fourscore years and more, while our voluntary power weary with use. Thus the feet tire with walking, the hands with working, the eyes with seeing, the ear with hearing, and even the tongue with talking. Then the only perfect rost which can come must be by sleep, which is a torpitude of the voluntary exercises while the involuntary continue their organs, while the involuntary continue their accustomed action. It is by this means that the great nervous centre of animal life is renovated. Hence sleep is as needful as food to sustain life, and it is supposed personal live longer without eating than with deeping. Among the inventions of the an-cients for human torture, that of keeping the victim awake till death ensued is said to have been the most terrible. This we may nervous diseases arise from want of sufficient sleep, and those too, which it is quite impossible to relieve by any remedial means.

Noise and mental excitement tend to keep brain aroused to activity; but at length checkered, for, though he received tolerably satisfactory certificates from the majority of the college authorities, the Master wrote him the following recommendation to any bishop or bishops whose attention he might think it advisable to draw thereto:

St. Valentine's College, Feb. 14, 185.

I beg to certify that I have known Mr. George Ewart as intimately as our relative positions, uninfluenced by private connects. thought that the sound of the coffee mill was similar to that made by her snoring master, "and so kept that agoing" until it soothed her mistress to sleep. But it is a bad habit to become dependent on books, coffee mills, cradles, or any external aid to invite sleep. Children who must be rocked, read to, laid with, or have a light in the rosin till they are asleep, are almost invariably nervous, excitable, over sensitive—a heavy tax on mother, aunty, nurse, and all hands. We remember one such who was all-ways was walled to deep in the arms of a nurse. weary of the steady to and fro in his own private room, and for a change went to the on the brain in the shape of dreams.

evening till 9 or 10 in the morning she sleeps sweetly. She then breakfasts, and lies of the floor amusing herself with her own pri wate gymnastics, for her limbs are not fet-tered by long, heavy skirts. At about 12 o'clock she dines, and then sleeps until 2 or 3 o'clock. Thus the long summer days go by, the happy mother finding time to not only tend baby, but to attend to her house-hold cares—a mother where early vertical. hold cares-a mother whose early medical training has not blighted any dome but rather brightened and ripened them all, so that she not only makes the best butter in the valley, but takes the most intelligent, loving care of her children. If they are sick or irritable, she knows whether it is food, sleep, or a bath that they need. Here, often, a boy is sent to his room for a nap for some perversity of spirit, which would have cost him quite another kind of discipline with a

mother less judicious.

We trust our readers will not deem that ours is an iron rule—that children should never be soothed to sleep by any other. Of course, there are emergencies of sickness, over-weariness, peculiarities of temperament to be met. But, as a general rule, children will take to sleep, as to cating, without much petting, if they are well managed. petting, if they are well managed. We remember a little fellow who from his earliest infancy onward was seldom "put to sleep," but was simply picked up and laid in his crib, and so took his nap without rocking or crying. One sultry summer's day he tried in vain to take his P. M. nap. He cooled himself by turning first on one side and then on the other; next holding up one leg and then the other. Now he soothed himself by then the other. Now he soothed himself by counting his fingers and toes, and next by putting his thumb in his mouth. But all to no purpose; he was too restless to sleep. At last he called out: "Manna, please give me a love pat, and that will help me to go to

cep, I guess."
The love pats, a series of them were given. and a kiss, too. Soon after, the fringed lids lay quietly over those twinkling eyes, and the restless limbs were resting in sleep Many a child of larger growth has felt just this want of being seothed when wearied and "worried." Very few of us are strong enough to always stand alone, or even rest alone. Sometimes we are not willing to ask this aid; perchance we may not know we need it, or who can give it. But we have all at times felt an infusion of strength, of resignation, of returning self-possession, coming from the heart, the eye, the word of another. Sometimes we fall beneath a load which the finger of a friend would have lightened, or, better still, have steadied us in bearing, by soothing us to sleep, and so with sleep would come the strength to do the work or endure the sorrow. When we sleep too little our sensibilities often grow abnor te, so that sleep is well nigh im-But if our habits are healthful, the need of sleep makes all our senses mor and more obtuse until they fail to act. Th power of the will over the muscles is lessened r lost-so eyelids fall, and, if sitting up arms drop, nodding ensues, as seen in church when the brain has been soothed by a good sermon. Of the senses, sight fails first when we go to sleep, then taste, next smell, and lastly tact or touch. The awakening is just the reverse of this order—that is, the last is Tact, or the sense of feeling, is the aroused, so we change our position if we do not lie comfortably, and draw up the bed-clothes if we are cold, even when we are in every other respect asleep. This sense seems to be a sort of sentinel, which sleeps so lightly that it can look after our physical wants and personal safety while our more delicate powers rest soundly. Of this we had a most amusing illustration a few nights since in our large family. A little boy went to his room at an early hour, locked the door, and fell asleep. When his mother came she tried in vain to arouse him, and was soon if we are well, sleep draws on, even when the internal effort and external surroundings conspire to ward it off. So the fatigued soldier has often fallen asleep amid the dissoldier has often fallen

hands. We remember one such who was always walked to sleep in the arms of a nurse; but the child grew heavy, and the nurse grew tired, and so one day she gave out, and the baby could not go to sleep. The mother tried the work, but found it too heavy; next the fond father undertook the task, but grew wenty of the steady to and fro in his own may exite the most exaggerated impressions on the brain in the shape of dreams. So Des wood house and mounted the wood machine. Cartes thought the bite of a flea to be the And so papa walked, the machine rolled, point of a sword. An uneasy position of the baby laughed, and all went well for a time, neck may give the idea of strangulation. baby laughed, and all went well for a time. In the playing horse, but, not being way-wise in wood machines, he did not know how to stop it, or to get off when it was going. Our Pat being just then out of hearing, he called a long time in vain for help, and so got a good sweat on a warm summer's day, and was aever known to say again that it was easy work to keep haby quiet. found at Camelen, Miss., during the war, but at the time was considered of no value. Since then it has been examined, and in the opinion of intelligent raen it is worth \$50,000 It is in the possession of Dr. Tom Cotton of Camelen.

Ly A lady who has a great horrer of to-bacco, got into a New Haven car the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, ma'an, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chaw, if you want one."

here known to say again that it was easy work to keep baby quiet.

Now a days most little ones get more that class, if we were that class, if we remember rightly. The result of all this attention is too much excitement, too little rost. But even in these "degenerate days" we know a beautiful blue-eyed baby in the Chemung Valley, who of her own free will sleeps sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and when awake is bright, lively, and happy as possible. From 8 in the

manual labor, while the former need more sleep, for the head work expends nervous force more rapidly than that of the hands. Solomon says: "Much study is weariness to Solomon says: "Much study is weariness to the flesh," and the kind of weariness which comes from an over-worked brain with too little sleep is the worst kind to bear, and the various nervous affections which arise there by often make the sufferer very inconsistent and unreasonable. The "blue Monday" of the minister comes largely because the intense intellectual and emotional life of the previous day because the intense intellectual and emotional life of the previous day have prevented his sleeping well the succeeding night. To be sure, we often get so weary in body and spirit that it takes more than one night to rest us up "all right." But if we get a good rest the first night, we are not blue and tired the next day, but sensible and full of courage that we shall soon he rested up. Ministrial lates he rested up. we shall soon be rested up. Ministerial la-bors would be less wearing if the last Sab-bath service were held at an earlier hour, so hat the head could "cool off" and get quiet and thus be ready for sleep at bedtime. But now that evening worship must be at eight o'clock (the genteel time for fashionable amusements,) instead of "early candleor, better still, five o'clock, as of old, it must be near "the small hours" before a minister who has thrown his whole mental and spiritual force into his subject can get ready to sleep. So, too, his hearers, if they are held in head and heart to the point of devotional interest till nine o'clock, cer-tainly are not ready to go to clock tainly are not ready to go to sleep at that good old-fashioned hour for retiring to our beds.

tendencies make a difference with the amount of sleep required, and with the facility with which we can turn to it. Some kinds of mental labor expends nervous force more rapidly than others. The purely intellectual is less exhaustive than when combined with the emotional. Scientific persons live longer, sleep better, and are much more healthy and happy than those who belong to what is called "the literary world."

The former seem to be could steading and The former seem to be cooled, steadied, and strengthened by the study of Nature as she is. The latter live more in the ideal, the imaginative, and so write "out of their own

The finest descriptions of scenery, of love. domestic peace, are not usually written by those who enjoy it, but by those who long for it. Hence their pictures are not of what is about them, but of their own intense inner life, which burns too brilliantly to burn

long or steadily. So, if we had more good sleepers, the world would lack many a thrill ing romance, and many a reader would miss

There have been varied opinions as to whether men or women need more sleep, but it does not seem that sex can decide the question, but rather temperament, age, oc-cupation, state of health, etc. It is said that women bear watching better than men, and it is no doubt true, often, that their more intense affectional nature, their more sensi-tive organization, will enable them to keep awake more easily; but these very conditions make them really need more sleep in that they expend life force more rapidly he cares of maternity wear more from the loss of sleep which often comes with them than from any other cause. So if I were writing to husbands I should say: If you want to keep your wives fresh and cheery, try to lighten their night care, or plan for them a morning nap by being mother pro tem. when the little ones have kept them awake. Wo men, while nursing, need much sleep if they are of delicate organization, otherwise they grow morbid, sensitive, and depressed, have a pain between the shoulders, in the back of head and neck. For these pains they try all manner of plasters, braces, wash ctc., when more sleep would best mend the weak place. Mothers often tell me that, since the birth of such a child, or such a siege of family sickness years ago, they have been poor sleepers. The facts are these: they have been kept awake when they were oversensitive from sickness, sorrow, or solicitude till their nerveus system became so irritable that, when there was no longer need to keep

awake, they could not sleep.

Mothers often fail to realize how much sleep their growing children need, and so when they are sick or out of sorts give them all kinds of remedies but the right one. There is a pretty theory that the bones

grow only when we are asleep. If this be true, those boys who wish to "increase in wisdom and stature" had better go to bed in season. Every mother has noticed that her children have their times of growing tall, and then of stout, and that they are nuch more sensitive and likely to be sickly when growing lengthwise than when grow ing breadthwise. While the former changes are being perfected, a larger amount of both bony and nerve matter must be furnished than for the latter. Hence, when your children are "running up tall," as you say, keep them from heavy work and late hours If they complain of being tired, seem lazy or irritable, encourage them to sleep much.

Jesus has promised to give "his beloved sleep"-sleep so sweet that at the awakening there shall be no aching of the head or heart because of the labors, the sorrows, or the sins of our earthly days. Until then, let us cach, in our small way, try to give to our be-loved sleep as the best solace for the past, the best source of strength for the future— The Herald of Health.

he sun comes up and the sun goes down. And the day and the night are the same as

The year grows green and the year grows And what is it all, when all is done? Grains of sombre or shining sand, Sliding in and out of the hand

And men go down in ships to the seas. And a hundred ships are the same as And backward and forward blows the br And what is it all, when all is done? A tide with never a shore in sight, Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream And a hundred streams are the same

maiden dreameth her love-lit dream And what is it all, when all is done? The net of the fisherman the burden break. And after the dreaming the dreamer awa

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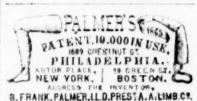
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When you have added to those ElGHT profits as many brokerages, ourlages, slotages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be

waste, and add the original coeff of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

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Parties getting their Teas from as may confidently rely upon getting them pure and freels, as they come direct from the Chubon flows a done to our warehouses.

Parties getting them flows a force to our warehouses, and the command the control of the party of the comment of the party and the sendence of the great between the company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS:

OOLONG (Black), 700., 800., 100., best \$1 \$\mathbb{P}\$.

MIXED (Green), 800., 100., best \$1 \$\mathbb{P}\$.

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UNCOLORED JAPAN, 900., \$1., \$1 10, best \$1.25 \$\mathbb{P}\$.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 900., \$1., \$1 10, best \$1.25 \$\mathbb{P}\$.

GUNPOWDER (Green), \$1.25, best \$1.50 \$\mathbb{P}\$.

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Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 28c., 28c., 28c., 28c., best 40c per lb., Hotein, Salconn, Boardong house keepers, and Families who use argo quantities of Coffee casescone. Carrier and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at he case price of 28c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect

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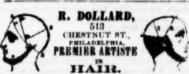
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He has always ready for sale a spiendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Tonpece, Ladies' Wige, Helf Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curle, &c., beautifully manufac-tured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will re-ceive attention.

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Private rooms for Dyeing Ladles' and Gentlemen's
Hair.

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# PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT.

13th, 1867.

PAIGESBURG TRAIN
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN
RIGHE MAIL.
CINCINNATI EXPRESS
PHICADELPHIA EXPRESS
PAGLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2
ACCOMMODATION

Ete Mad leaves daily, except 8 storday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except 8 unday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sanday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ. 1.10 A.M.

PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1 HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION For further information, app'y to

aw at 100 100 to the proper of the Peanselvania Rallroad Co. will not assume at 120 230 and 125 300 to 125 and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Doi. I are in value. All Haggare exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

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\$3000 AGENTS Wanted. 910 made from needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Residence should be sufficient to the strength of the strengt

For Wigs, Inches.

No. 1.—The round of the head.

2.—From forehead over the head to neck.

2.—From ear to ear over the top.

4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.: MAIL TRAIN
PAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1
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# WIT AND HUMOR.

He Hadn't any Objection.

An attache of a New York paper, noted for his love of a practical joka and a slight obstruction in his speech, was "on duty" at the Fair of the American Institute, recently, and finding a convenient point of rest behind a pyramid of paste-blacking, went quietly to work writing up his notes. He had just commenced aglowing ealogium on the merits of a patent bean sifter, largely advertised in the Publican, when he was interrupted by a tall countryman, who asked—
"Haow do ye sell yer blackin," mister?"
I d-d-don't sell it," said the absorbed writer.

writer.
"Don't gis it away, du ye?" said the querist, handling a box covetously.
"I he ha haven't g-g-given any away yet," replied the still busy knight of the pencil.
"Hain't got any objections to my takin' a bex, have ye?" persisted the tormentor.
"N-n-not the 1-l-east in the world," said the now thoroughly-aroused joker, calmly closing his book, and beaming blandly upon his interrogator.
The countryman immediately seized upon a how of the polish; a sharp boy standing

a box of the polish; a sharp boy standing near followed his example; the news of free blacking spread among other sharp boys, and the pyramid of blacking was speedily re-duced to a plain, when the newspaper man was overtaken a little distance farther in the hall by the blacking dealer, frate and red-feced, with two policemen, who had the original offender and half-a-dozen boys in custody.

What the blazes do you mean," said the man of polish, in anything but polished lan-guage, "by setting people to steal my black-

M-m-my dear sir," said the paragrapher "M.m. my dear sir, and the paragrapher, urbanely, "the g-g-gentleman asked me if I ha ha had any objections to his t-t-t-taking a box of the h-b-blacking, and I told him I hadn't any objections at all, and I d-d-don't know why the d-d-deuce I should have." And he walked quietly on in pursuit of his labors, leaving Mr. Day and Martin to charge a gross of paste-blacking to profit and loss. mercial Hulletin

## A One-Horse Nigger.

The following is told by the Dayton Jourrate following is took by the bayton adurant:—al:—A few months ago a gentleman moved to this city, and purchased a nice property, and, among other things to contribute to his convenience and comfort, procured a fine horse and a very genteel carriage. A "likely colored boy" was employed at a fair salary to take charge of the establishment, and discharge the numerous duties which arise around a well-regulated homestead. For a time things went on smoothly with "Chores," but latterly he seemed out of spirits, and seldom smiled. His employer observed this despondent demeaner of "Chores," and he determined to get at the bottom of it. Perhaps he was in love! But no matter. Taking "Chores" aside one day when he looked more gloomy than usual, he inquired, considerately, what it was that ailed him. "Well, you see, Mars'r," began "Chores," in a sert of tragic style, "you's get but one hose, while all the gentlemen bout hea has two; an' all de boys da calls me a one-horse progress on as a team't, and the services on a service of the services of the s -A few months ago a gentleman moved two; an' all de boys da calls me a one-horse nigger; an' as I can't stan dat, I spects I'll have for to resign! I likes you fus rate, Mam'r, an' I'd like to stay if you had two hossas, but you see how it is—de boys dey can't quit hollering—'dere go that one horse nigger!" Not wishing to lose the services of so valuable an assistant, a second horse was purchased, and "Chores" became a two-home nigger

# What is Solitude !

Boys ought not to be permitted to travel in the season. They are too sharp. The American boy is a dangerous weapon, with edge to him and no handle to get hold of him by. At the Fort William Henry House we saw a lover and lady tormented with the company of the lady's younger brother.

"Tis a sweet lake!" sighed the lady. "I wish larger to the lady and the lady.

wish I might have an island in it, and soli-

WESTERN ANECDOTES -A. D. Richardson, in his new work on the West, tells the following anecdete: The th Kansas Inson, in his new work on the West, tells the following ancedete: The the Kansas Infantry acquired rare reputation for plundering during the great rebellion. A number of Kansas regiments marching through Missouri, revenged themselves upon their old enemies; but this had unapproachable genius for plunder, which the camp stories used to illustrate with genuine Aberican ex-aggeration. One of them ran this: In an Arkansas campaigu, a general officer found plunder, which the

left anything behind us; but we can't possi-bly steal this saw-mill!"

LUFROYED LEGISLATORS.—The Territo-rial Legi-lature of 1830 was 18

The court sustains the objection and rules that the question cannot be asked at
this stage of the game."
The inference was, that "the Court"

played poker.

The proudest triumph in a man's life is when he makes a friend of an enemy. The joy is then akin to that which angels feel as they rejoice over a sinner that repenteth.



REASONING BY ANALOGY.

Cissy (who has lamed her doll) TO MAMMA (who has sprained her aukle) .- "Why do

walk like that, mamma ?"
MAMMA.—"Because I have hurt my foot, Cissy.
Cissy.—"And did all the saudust come out?"

# AGRICULTURAL.

How to Keep the Hoys at Home.

My neighbor Smith came in this morning wearing a very perplexed look, and evidently considerably excited about something. I can tell when Smith is agitated, for he shows it in his face and actions, and has not that power of control which allows a person to appear calm while laboring under deep excitement. After some talk on general subjects he broke out with:

"I can't keep my boys at home. There's John went away last year, and now William wants to leave, though he ain't only seventeen, and no more fit to go out into the world for himself than a child. I don't see how other folks keep their boys at home, I can't.

"I suppose, then, they sin't satisfied with things on the farm."

night, and don't give me any peace."
"Couldn't something be done to make
them satisfied with farm life?"

"I don't know; boys ain't same as they used to be. They get big notions in their heads, and don't stick to work as well." "Perhaps we farmers don't give them enough privileges. We mustn't forget that they are boys, and not men, and use them

to rest, as well as look round a little ! "Yes, they always go to 4th of July, and

"Did you take them to cattle show last long time.

If you don't care to bottle it, you can gery"

and it's wrong to cheat them out of attend

good, do you y

our boys credit for all they do know. You as apple orchards approach and multiply, kept your boys to school during the winter as surely as the Indian retires before civilizaterms, I suppose.

"Generally; but last winter I had con-siderable cordwood to get out, so William had to help me. It won't pay to hire a

"That was a 'penny wise and pound foolish' policy. Give your boys all the schooling possible, at least do not let them lose a day of the winter term. at home yourself and do the chores, than they should remain out of school. And the entire — the grouped around a saw mill, and weeping like Niobes.
"Why, boys," he asked, "what's the high school or academy in the fail after hartter?" vesting, as soon as they are sixteen years old.

Matter enough!" sobbed one enterpris- You take plenty of papers, I suppose?"

The Territorial Legislature of 1859 was a more reputable body than that of the previous year Still one of the representatives, originally from Indiana, in recording himself a physician, transcribed very promptly, the letters "P-h-i=1"—then hesitated a moment, and at last, turning to a bystander, asked, in all seriousness: scriousness:

"Do you spell physician 'tion,' or 'sion'?"

A KANSAS COURT, 1867—Once an attorney for the defence took his cigar from his mouth, and behind a huge puff of smoke, objected to certain testimony on the other side as inadmissible. The justice gravely replied:

"The court for the decay in the fields, and not given them enough terroation. Perhaps—they have got an idea that any other place is more pleasant than the farm and the life they lead there. If so, by all means correct this idea by removing the causes. Remember that 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy of their work of their works. The investment of their works and no play makes Jack a dull boy." work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, of their money in various kinds of stocks and give them all the helidays consistent where the income is small, at most, and with justice. Make the house a bome in where dividends are withheld, and ru reality to them when not engaged in farm losses frequently ensue, instead of investigations. work—not a mere place to eat and sleep in.
Fix up the sitting room; get some books
and pictures, and don't be afraid to spend
ten dollars or more a year for periodicals. It-

ed and satisfied, will be better than mort-gages on real estate, or 7-30s, to be left for them to quarrel over after you are gone."— American Farmer

## Bettled Cider.

The Farmer and Mirror advises bottling ider—and gives the following directions:— Cider is so scarce, it will be economy to bottle it, as it will spend better, and keep as long as you please. For bottling let the pumice lie in the trough over night. The first run of the cider from the press is the best. Let the eider work a day or two-the casks the eider work a day or two—the casks being full, so that the pumice may pass off at the bung-hole. Then take an empty cask, clean and sweet, put into it ten or twelve gallons of the cider, thrust into the cask, through the bung-hole, an ignited rag-sulphur-match, suspended by a wire from the bung, to which it is to be attached; and after this castler, and so on till three or ings on the tarm.

"No, they're one asy from morning till after this amother, and so on, till three or four matches have been consumed. Then Couldn't something be done to make shake the cask violently, until the furnes of the sulphur are completely incorporated with the cider. Pour the cider thus prepared into the cask in which you propose to keep it for the winter. Repeat the same process until your cask is full. Bung the cask tight, and let it remain in the cellar till. March, and then draw the cider off and bottle it. Place the bottle mon the bottom of "When I was a boy I didn't think of having so many privileges as they have now."
"Yery well, but times were far different then from now. We must take things as they are in the age we live, and endowers."

conform to the prevailing customs. Do you in this way you can have the best of give your boys plenty of holidays and time tled cider, and an article that comman In this way you can have the best of bot-

good price, either for sickness or the table.

In this manner the "Shaker cider" is made, which is for draught, and will keep a

"Well, no; you see I wanted to get my outdoor out afore they rotted any worse."

That was hardly fair. The cattle show peculiarly intended for the farmers' boys, sant, add to each barrel a pint of mustard seed, and bung tight. The cider will re-main till spring of pleasant taste and spark-"You don't think they do the boys any ling appearance, when poured into a tum

bler. "Without me?" said the lover, plaintively.
"You are solitude to me!" she said; "you put the rest of the world far off from us!"
"Yes," said the boy, "he's a sweet old solitude, he is! He's a solitude with a barroom in it, and boys to set up teu-pins. He's more solitude by hisself than fortitude!"
"Why not? Farmers' boys learn easily, "Cider is a very healthy beverage. Taken and are very observant. I think they would temperately, its action is good upon the system. It corrects the tone of the stomach and liver, passes off the bile, and thus is a what others are doing would stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give the stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give the stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give the stimulate them to action with the hope of equalling or surpassing a neighbor. We are not apt to give and the like. That troublesome and often fatal disease, fever and ague, flees a country and multipul.

# October Work.

No month in the year affords more pleasant pportunities for out-door work than Octo-It is usually dry and cool, so that men and teams feel lusty and strong. are not so long as to exhaust either, and with all things in order a great deal may be done towards permament improvements on the farm, besides attending to the stock and

The early part of the month is generally an excellent time for draining, which is a work greatly needed on many farms. Needed, because there are acres of low, moist und on them which poduce but one tor of ordinary hay each year, worth perhaps, ten dellars a ton, while, with proper drainage, plenghing, manuring a little and seeding, they would produce a ton and a half, and sometimes two tons per acre for ten years in succession, and worth from \$10 to \$16 per receive a top dressing of well rotted manure. in order to keep up the fertility which we losses frequently ensue, instead of investing in the soil about their doors, is an which a great many New England farmers fall into. If they would make an experiment upon one acre, keeping an accurate ten dollars or more a year for periodicals. It is will pay you compound interest, and whatever you can do with your money on the cost of reclamation, and the value of its products for five years, they would not until they break. When they are celd, farm or about your home that will exert an income three or four times as large as them with whipped cream heaped over influence towards making your boys content-

that derived from most stocks. This income would be liable to few fluctuations, and would be absolutely secure from any great

Next to the middle of June, October is the best time for pruning apple and other trees. They are then in a comparatively quiet state,

If the month proves a particularly dry one, every available moment should be occupied to accumulate materials to increase the manure-heap throughout the winter. One of the best of all materials for this purpose is peat. Indeed, old, highly decomposed peat is an excellent manure in itself. In addition to this, it is one of the best absorbents in na-ture, and if added to the droppings of the stock once a week, will store up and pre-serve every pound of them for future use.

Cattle who are fattening for beef, and swine intended for slaughtering in December, will require especial attention while mild weather lasts. They will grow much faster on the same food, than when the weather is

Much cost of fuel, vexation and discomfort may be avoided by careful attention to the buildings before blustering weather sets in. From the saddle boards to the underpinning, every part ought to be examined, and a shingle put in place, a clapboard nailed and a shingle put in place, a clapboard nailed down, a pane of glass set, or a door righted up wherever either are needed. If the house needs banking up, it may be done casier and better with hemlock orpine brush laid closely together against the bottom of the house. The first snow that falls will be likely to fill all the openings in the brush, and the frost will not penetrate half as quick as it would a mass of earth. When the brush is would a mass or earth. When the brash is removed in the spring it may be burnt in the garden, where the ashes will afford a most valuable dressing. October affords a good time to clear up ander the walls—cut the bushes and tear up

the roots, and if the loam has accumulated there, as it often does in the course of years, eart it out and spread on the grass lands. It will be as valuable as a light dressing of manure.

Many other things will call for the atten-tion of the farmer during the month, which, if neglected, cannot be so well done at any He must remember that thrift comes more frequently from systematic in-dustry than from what is called "good-luck."—New England Farmer.

# BECEIPTS.

CIDER.-If you wish to make superior cider, select apples that ripen about the same time. Leave the decayed and imper-fect apples to make vinegar. Let the pomace remain without pressing as long as possible, but do not let it approach fermentation. Sweet apples make the richest eider; use no water. Keep the cider as cool as poseven temperature is very important. ready a tub filled with alternate layers of ready a tub filled with alternate layers of coarse gravel and charcoal broken large; lay on the top a piece of coarse flannel. As fast as the cider comes from the press pour it into the tub; a hole must be bored in the bottom of the tub and a plug put loosely in, so that the cider may run through slowly. Pour it into clean white-oak casks as fast as it leaches through and put it in a coel dark it leaches through, and put it in a cool, dark cellar of even temperature immediately. Leave the cask open until all fermentation has ceased; than put the bung in tightly. Its is said cider made in this manner will keep sweet for a long time. Mustard seed is also used to keep cider pleasant to drink. If cider free from water is made after freezing weather sets in, and drawn into clean barrels, it may be preserved sweet all winter by being kept where the thermometer stands just above freezing point. If boiled down one quarter, it will be better still.

CRAB APPLE VINEGAR. - Grind the apples. press the juice, reduce it one-half, and add to a barrel three gallons of molasses; keep it warm, and let it work well before putting in the bung.

A subscriber requests a receipt for pre-

paring cider from crab-apples. We do not find any express directions, and conclude the only difference to be that in making eider from crab apples water must be added.—ED. PARTHIDGE SALAD -Carve a coal reasted

lettuce hearts in quarters, fillets of Gorgona anchovies, pickles, pieces of clear jelly, hard-boiled yolks of eggs in slices, oelery, tomatees, or anything likely to give effect to the dish; pour over it a Mayonnaise sauce, or add a salad dressing at table. The mesh, sliced and divested of bone, may be employed instead of the members of the bird, if preferred.

PERDREAUX AU CHOUX.-Get ready brace of birds as for boiling; place in a stewpan bacon fat, small sausages, salt, pep-per, bunch of herbs, small carrots, one or two onions, and a couple of Savoy cabbages previously parboiled; upon this place the partridges; moisten with sufficient gravy, and simmer gently for two hours. Arrange the cabbages in the middle of the dish; place the birds upon them, and surround place the these with the sausages and carrots; strain the sauce over all, and serve hot.

ICING FOR PIES. -Just before they are quite done, was over the top of the pie with the beaten white of an egg on a feather, and sift white sugar finely powdered over the egg. Or use only plain water, and sift over white sugar. Or you may beat up the yolk times two tons per sore for ten years in of an egg, and put a piece of butter the size ession, and worth from \$10 to \$16 per exercise by the tops of the piece with it, sifting white sugar powdered over it.

APPLE MERINGUES -Fill a small, deep dish half full of stewed apples, or tmy pre-served acid fruit (peaches are very nice,) and pour over an icing of the beaten whites of six eggs and six tablespoonfuls of white suliake slowly in an oven from one to two hours. It can be eaten cold or hot. the apple is stewed, only let it remain in the oven long enough to cook and brown the icing nicely

STEWED AND BAKED APPLES .- Pare and core some firm acid apples. Stick cloves in them; fill the vacancy left by the core with sugar, and some thin strips of lemon-peel, if y have them, and put into a baking pan with, just water enough to keep them from burn-ing. Bake them until they are tender, but aned over

# THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I am composed of 4 letters. Omit my first, and I assist.

Baltimore, Md.

Omit my second and transpose and I am

My 2, 1, 3, 4, express heat and dryness. My 4, 1, 3, is a potent poison known and used by the gipsics.

My whole was a frequent occurrence duing the late war.

# . Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POSS.

I have planted apple, pear, and cherry trees, one of each, around my house in the following order—from the house to the apple tree it is a certain number of rods, and from the house to the pear tree is another certain number, and just half way from the house to the pear tree stands the cherry tree.
The square of the distance from the house to the apple tree added to the square of the distance from the apple to the pear is 90, and the difference between the square of the distance from the apple to the cherry, and the square of the distance from the the distance from the cherry to the pear is equal to the product of the distance the apple is from the house, multiplied by the distance the pear is from the apple tree. What is the distance each tree is from the house?

Irvin Station, Pa.

An answer is requested.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. agreed with a tinner whose name was John

Man,
To make for my wife a tin milk can,
Thirty inches exactly, the depth of the same,
And seventeen gallons of milk to contain.
The number of inches across on top, To be twice at the bottom when new at the

shop. How many inches across must the top then be.

Likewise the bottom pray show unto me? Beliefonte, Pa. EDWIN SEARSON. An answer is requested.

# Conundrums.

What is the difference between a oker-on at a mart and a mariner?

One sees the sale, and the other sails the sea.

137 Why is the fish an eccentric animal?

Ans.—Because he will have his (s) whim.

137 What is the difference between a spider and a duck? Ans.—One has its feet perpetually on a web, and the other a web per

petually on its feet.

\*\* Why is an egg like a colt? Ans.—
Because it is not fit to use till it is broken.

ENIGMA-Dam. CHARADE-Brigadiez, Brig-a-deer )

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 6th—\$23201.183, \$24361.242, \$25579. 304, \$26858.271, respectively. J. M. Green-

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—A. C. 17.321 rods, and B. C. 8.66 × rods. E. P. Norton.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 13th—3 hours, 16 minutes, 19.04 seconds. This answer was communicated to me several months ago, by Joseph Ficklin, Prof. Math. State University, Mo. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—A travelled 535-41 miles alone, B 1337-41, C 2020-41; and the whole journey occupied 10 5-41 hours. E. P. Norton, J. M. Grenwood. A 5.86 miles, B 13.69 miles, C 20.49 miles; and time of making trip 10 hours, 7 minutes, 12 seconds. J. S. Phe

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of July 20th—A \$626 18-107, B. \$719 67-107, C \$775 75-107—E. P. Norton. A \$626.33 M. B \$719.61×, C \$775.54×.-N. R. Farrio.

Answer to W. M. Morrow's PROBLEM of July 27th—A travelled 5 85-41 miles alone, B 13 27-41, C 20 20-41; and the whole jour-ney occupied 10 5.41 hours. W. H. Morrow. J. S. Phebus, and Artemas Martin

Answer to J. L. Hersey's PROBLEM of August 3rd—3 feet from the forward end. Artemas Martin, E. P. Norton; 4 feet from forward end; J. S. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of August 3rd-6,2448 feet. W. H. Morrow, Artemas Martin, E. P. Norton, and J. S.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of August 10th-18 31-33 pounds. W. H. Mor

Answer to L. Lebus's PROBLEM of Aug. 10th-21, 25 and 30 chains. Lewis Lebus

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 17th—A got 6 yards — \$36; B got 8 yards — \$64, W. H. Morrow, and F. S. New-ling.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM of same date-122,364622 gallons. J.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of Aug. 24th-12 and 20 rods. W. H. Mer-

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—The distance from A to 180.6 × feet. C. P. Norton.